Dar.
CT
B942A1

Library
University of Pittsburgh
Darlington Memorial Library
Dar.
Class CT
Book B942A1

WILLIAM & MARY SWEM LIBRARY
MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

DAVID C. BUNNELL,

DURING TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF A SEA-FARING LIFE;

CONTAINING AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE

BATTLE ON LAKE ERIE,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF COM. OLIVER H. PERRY;

TOGETHER WITH

TEN YEARS' SERVICE IN THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

—ALSO—

SERVICE AMONG THE GREEKS,

IMPRISONMENT AMONG THE TURKS, &c. &c.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Truth should never fail to please,
Nor yield to fiction's sway—
'Tis that will guide us on with ease,
And smooth the rugged way.

PALMYRA, N. Y.

PRINTED BY E. E. GRANDIN, AND PUBLISHED BY
J. H. BORTLES.

1831.

Har
CT
B94241

3188

NORTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

(L. S.) BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighteenth day of May, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty one, JACOB H. BORTLES, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, in the words following, to wit:

"Travels and Adventures of David C. Bunnell, during twenty-three years of a sea-faring life, containing an accurate account of the Battle of Lake Erie, under the command of Com. Oliver H. Perry; together with ten years' service in the Navy of the U. S. Also, service among the Greeks, imprisonment among the Turks, &c. Written by himself.

"Truth should never fail to please, nor yield to fiction's sway,
"'Tis that will guide us on with ease, and smooth the rugged way."

The right whereof he claims as proprietor, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copy rights."

RUTGER B. MILLER,
Clerk of U. S. District Court for Northern Dist. of N. York.

WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON
MEMORIAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

PREFACE.

I have been induced to publish to the world this my chequered life, from a thorough conviction that a rehearsal of the sufferings and privations I have endured, will be both interesting and instructive to at least a portion of community. My most ardent and sincere desire is, that it may be instrumental in deterring youth from pursuing the same thoughtless and ruinous career that I have.

My whole life has been spent either in the field of battle, or tossing upon the ocean's waves; and I am consequently incapable of writing this narrative in that elegance of style which would add to its interest and please the patrons of the work. But the reader is assured that, however surprising or incredible some of the facts it contains may appear, I have strictly adhered to truth in every part of it.

The many hardships I have endured have seriously impaired my health; the hull of my vessel is no more able to encounter the peltings of the pitiless storm; my sails can no longer withstand the fury of the gale; and I must therefore be content to spend the remainder of my days on terra firma.

I will barely add, that I hope this simple, though true history of my life and adventures, may be the means, through the patronage and generosity of my countrymen, not only of checking the wild career of many a reckless youth, but also of alleviating in some measure, the woes and distresses incident to a wrecked constitution, of one the best part of whose life has been devoted to the service of his country THE AUTHOR.

TRAVELS, &C.

CHAPTER I.

I shall pass over my boyish days in silence, and commence at that period in my life when I first went to sea. There was nothing in my juvenile days remarkable, except that I always had a great desire for rambling. This my mother endeavored to check when in the bud; but it was all in vain, as you shall learn in the sequel.

I was born in the town of Cheshire, state of Connecticut, May 20, 1793. My father Ebenezer Bunnell, was a sea-faring man, and died at sea when I was but two years old. My mother, whose maiden name was Curtiss, is still alive, (1831,) and resides in the town of York, county of Livingston, N. Y. I had two sisters, who were both older than myself. One of them is yet living; the other died some years since.—My mother was married to her second husband when I was in my sixth year. They lived happy together but a short time, when he was called from this world to dwell with departed spirits in another. We then moved to the head of the Delaware River, where we resided a few years, and from thence we went to New-York. I was here bound an apprentice to Mr. J— A. C——,* a stone cutter. Soon after, my mother moved back to the Delaware, and left me as it were

* The name is withheld out of respect for relatives.

alone, and I never saw her again in twenty-three years and seven months.

Little did I think at this time, that our separation would be of so long duration. Reader, her advice to me at parting, you must picture to yourself; only remember that it was given by a tender and affectionate mother, to an only son.—It made an impression on my heart which will never be effaced by the troubles and afflictions of this life. Even the thoughts of being separated from her, perhaps forever, brought floods of tears into my eyes. But they were soon dried up by thoughts more pleasing to my youthful and naturally volatile mind.

Here I was, in a populous city, with every inducement in the world to lead me astray. I soon found my master to be an ungrateful tyrant. He never gave me a moral lesson, nor bid me walk in the path of virtue. It would seem that his only object was to keep me in the most strict servitude.

Had he watched over my youthful habits, and prescribed to me the circle in which to figure, and "taught the youthful idea how to shoot," I probably should not have suffered the hardships and misfortunes which I am about to narrate, and my mother would have been released from many a flood of tears, and many a heart-rending sigh. But fate had so fixed it—read on and you will learn.

Having been born in the lap of LIBERTY, the first words I had been taught to lisp, were *Freedom* and *Independence*. Of course I could not brook this restraint, and determined to runaway the very first opportunity. A fellow apprentice

who had been one voyage at sea, resolved on going with me.

Our plan was to hire a boat with the ostensible purpose of going a fishing, and as soon as out of sight of our master to proceed up the East River to Boston. We were both young and unacquainted with the way, and regardless of the dangers to which we might be exposed.

Accordingly, having procured by dint of hard persuasion, from our master, sixpence each, we borrowed a boat of the captain of a sloop which lay at the wharf, and with a piece of an old blanket for a sail, we proceeded on our first maritime exploit. Our voyage was a pleasant one as far as Hell's Gate. Here we put on shore to procure provisions for our intended tour. This consisted of six cents worth of crackers and cheese.

We now again put off to sea, mutually promising, (like the two friends in the fable,) to assist each other in case of danger. We had not gone far, before we perceived, not a "Bear making up to us in great rage," but what was to me ten times more frightful—the awful roaring of a thunder storm. All our courage and seamanship vanished in a moment. I began to moan and ejaculate for help, but none was near. My companion little less frightened than myself, we resolved to run the boat ashore and finish our exploit by land. We landed near Harlæm. It was now my intention to go to my mother; and well would it have been for me, had I put this plan into execution.

We travelled as far as Sing Sing, about thirty miles from New-York. Here I hired out to a

Mr. Hunt as hostler. With him I remained for some weeks in great security. But our master advertising "*ten dollars reward*" for us, we were soon apprehended. The man with whom I lived kept a public house. One morning a gentleman drove up to the door; I ran to take his horses; but good heavens! how surprised was I to see in the chaise my old master! He very gravely asked me if it was not about time to go home? With considerable presence of mind, I in a moment thought what answer it was best to make. (By the bye, I have always been much celebrated for my presence of mind in the most trying scenes.)—I gravely replied, that "I was just thinking about it." He had already secured my companion and sent him home. After receiving a little refreshment, he took me into the carriage with him and started for New-York, where we soon arrived, and I was again set at work. I now took a retrospective view of my past exploit, and found it was all owing to bad calculation that my scheme had failed. So I resolved on embracing the first opportunity presented to again bid my master good-bye. I could see no other way than to once more try the ocean.—This I foolishly thought would at once rid me of all my cares, and give me perfect happiness.—But oh! how vain and visionary are all the air-built hopes and imaginations of youth!

Consider my young reader—especially you of volatile minds—and view my folly in its true light—take my advice, which sad experience has taught me how to give and which I give in sincerity. Do not be guided by wild imaginations; your tender minds are inadequate to the task of

self government. Listen to the advice of your parents: they will never advise you wrong.—May you never be placed in my situation—not a friend to condole with.

CHAPTER II.

The first week after I returned to New-York, I kept revolving in my mind a thousand different schemes. At last I came to the awful conclusion of bidding adieu to all my relations, my friends and my country at once. Accordingly one Sunday I rambled along the wharf in search of a vessel. I had the sagacity to think if I went away in one belonging to the Americans, I would have to come back again. So I determined to ship on board of one bound to some other nation.

I found in White Hall Slip, an English Ship belonging to Halifax, for which place she was bound, and was to sail on the next Tuesday—I agreed with the captain to go with him in the capacity of a Cabin Boy, at twelve dollars per month, and promised to come on board the next night. I worked all the next day, (Monday,) to complete my plan of elopement. Not a soul did I let into my secret. I was so much absorbed in the thoughts of leaving every thing that ought to be held dear on earth behind me, that I could not eat. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings at this time. My mistress took notice of my disordered appearance, and inquired in-

to the cause. I told her I was unwell. This seemed to satisfy her. I waited with the greatest impatience for sundown. At length the long wished for hour arrived. My heart beat quick, as if endeavoring to break from its confinement. I dressed myself in my best suit, took a small bundle of apparel and threw it out of the garret window into the street. I then came softly down stairs, and bidding sailent farewell to my friends and my country, picked up my bundle and decamped.

I arrived on board of the English ship Britania, Capt. Lovett, the next morning. We soon made sail; but an accident happened, that like to have baffled all my expectations. The vessel touched on a rock off the end of the wharf and unshipped her rudder. This detained us until Wednesday. As we were making sail I saw my master and another gentleman on the wharf, but they did not discover me.

We proceeded to sea—my heart leaped for joy to think that I was clear from the reach of my miscreant of a master.

I now commenced the first of my cooking, in which I was rather unsuccessful; the first time I cleared the table, I threw overboard, with my dishwater, all the teaspoons. This drew several hearty curses from the captain, and a number of *snug* blows on my back, from the mate—"by way of introduction," as he termed it—a pretty severe "introduction" too, thought I.

Soon the lessening hills of my native and beloved country, could only be distinguished by a long line of blue along the horizon, and soon they were out of sight. This was the first time

I had ever beheld the sublime scene of the ocean bounded only by the horizon—and to add to its grandeur, the sun was just finishing his daily course, and seemed as if calmy to resign himself to the bosom of the ocean. The breeze gradually died away and all seemed grand and silent, save the flapping of the sails against the masts, occasioned by the gentle motion of the vessel.

Supper being over, I retired to bed—not to reflect on my situation—among strangers—unprotected—unbefriended and in a foreign vessel, bound to a foreign country—but to congratulate myself on my lucky escape from my master.

Picture to yourself, gentle reader, my forlorn situation. Bidding, for aught I knew, an eternal farewell to a kind and affectionate mother, who had watched with tender solicitude my infancy and childhood—who had endured so many pains and hardships for my sake. To all this I bid adieu, with scarcely a pang—merely sighing to myself, "farewell mother!" Ungrateful and unfeeling wretch that I was!

I hope that every youth who reads this will learn from it to do better than I have done, and to repay with obedience the cares and affections of their parents.

I was aroused about four o'clock in the morning by the terrible motion of the vessel—the dashing of the waves against its sides, and the hoarse voice of the captain, as he gave orders to the crew. There was a tremendous gale of wind —I endeavored to get on deck; but the motion of the vessel was so great, that I dared not venture until day-light; besides I was sea-sick—the worst kind of sickness. I began to think that

the hour of my eternal departure was drawing near, for I did verily believe that the ship and all hands were soon to be plunged to the bottom of the angry and restless ocean; and I thought that God had taken this course to bring me to a sense of the reckless and inflexible course I had thus far pursued.

At length the morning appeared, and the last ray of hope that had lingered in my bosom during the night was now driven away by the dreadful roaring of the ocean—the waves rolled mountainous high, and seemed even to contend with the sky—the rain poured down in torrents —and the wind blew almost a hurricane. Every thing seemed to confirm me in the opinion that we must go to the bottom. I wept and moaned, but received no pity—and was only laughed at, and called a "lubberly fool" by the captain and mate.

I now called on God to save me from destruction. How natural it is for sailors to call for help, when death and danger stare them in the face; and how little do they reverence His divine will and pleasure when the storm is over!

Had I been owner of all the riches of India, I would at this time freely have given them to have been on shore. Like the prodigal son, I would have gone to my mother—fallen on my knees at her feet—begged her pardon, and remained at home the rest of my days.

The gale continued with unabated fury, for several days, during which time we could not show any sail. The oldest sailor on board was not entirely unmindful of the brittle thread by which we were suspended. For my part, I was

sick the whole time. This was indeed a solemn and distressing scene to so new a beginner as I was.

At length the gale subsided—a gentle wind succeeded—and the raging of the turbulent ocean was hushed. Believe me, with the abatement of the storm my fears all vanished. My anxiety about home, mother and friends, was forgotten.

The third day after the gale, we spoke the ship Planter, of New-York, from Liverpool, bound for New-York. She had lost several of her masts in the late violent gale, and was in rather a shattered condition.

The rest of our passage was short and pleasant. At Halifax I purchased a tarpawling hat, and sailor's jacket and trowsers, and there was no braver sailor than myself.

CHAPTER III.

The Captain now offered to take me as an apprentice. Accordingly I bound myself to him until I was twenty-one. He was to learn me the art and mystery of seaman-ship—give me schooling, and at the expiration of my term of service, I was to have two good suits of clothes, mathematical instruments, etcætera.

We here refitted our ship, took in a cargo of salt fish, pork, beef, etc. and proceeded to sea, bound to St. Domingo. The fourth day after sailing, we caught several Dolphins. The variegating colors of this fish in the agonies of death,

are truly beautiful in the extreme. There is no color you can name but what they represent. I made of this fish a dish seamen call chowder. It consists of pork, potatoes, fish, &c.—This, when well made, is most excellent eating.

Just as I was preparing my dinner, rather a farcical circumstance happened. I will merely mention it for your amusement. You will naturally suppose that I did not make a very neat Cabin Boy—having never done any thing of the kind before in my life. There had been a slight shower of rain, which made the cabin steps rather muddy and slippery. Our cabin was quite small. The company in it consisted of the captain, mate, second mate, two lady and two gentlemen passengers. One of the ladies was considerably advanced in years, and the other about seventeen. The elderly lady was seated immediately at the foot of the steps; the young lady on her right; and the others were promiscuously seated around the table. I proceeded with a large turrene full of chowder for the cabin; no sooner had I put my foot on the upper step, than it slipped, and I landed, turrene and chowder, helter-skelter, among the ladies. The old lady screamed, and well she might, for both of her feet were scalded. The young lady fainted, but she received no material injury. The whole company was now in the utmost confusion, except the captain, who coolly exclaimed—"Egad—each pick up his own!" The cook was sent for, who soon cleaned the cabin, and the company after becoming a little composed, sat down and made a dinner of salt beef and potatoes.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING of particular importance happened until we made the land of St. Domingo. The English at this time were at war with the French, and the Island was much infected with privateers. This we expected, and had armed our vessel for the purpose. She mounted six carriage guns, of six pounds each; and a complement of ten men before the mast. One morning, just at daylight, a man at the mast head, called out—"Sail ho!" We found, as it grew lighter, that she was a small private armed vessel. As soon as we were perceived by her, she made sail towards us—hoisted French colors, and fired a gun. We hoisted English colors and returned the compliment.

An engagement commenced with great fury on both sides. Our captain had every thing in the world to contend for, having risqued all his property in ladening the vessel. The French on the other hand seemed determined to make a prize of us.

The ladies in the cabin were worse frightened now than when one was scalded by the chowder, though not as badly injured. I was stationed in the cabin to pass the powder to the men on deck, what sailors call a "powder monkey." This was the first time I had ever heard the vengeful bullet whistle about my ears. I did not much like the *fun*; but as it happened, I received no material injury—although the shot flew through our cabin windows in such showers, that they came well nigh depriving us of all our crockery.

The action lasted little over an hour; when the French, having lost their fore-mast and bowsprit, pulled away from us with their sweeps.—I assure you we were not sorry to get clear of such troublesome company.

Our captain and two of our men were slightly wounded, and one man killed. This, with some slight damage to the rigging and hull of our vessel, and the loss of crockery, (to make no account of the hysteric fits of one of our lady passengers, and the fainting of an *old maid of the other sex*,) was about all the injury we received.

All was now calm, until the next morning, when a moderate breeze arose from the north, and we steered into the harbor of Port au Prince, where we came to anchor at sun set. This harbor is very convenient for shipping, and was at this time under the government of the Blacks.

It was quite laughable to see the black army drawn out on parade; some entirely naked; others with one shoe on, and a few with a shirt. I saw several of the officers with great swords hung to their sides, with no other apparel on than a ragged pair of pantaloons and cocked hat. The president was also very meanly clad. But they had not long been free from the bondage of their tyranical masters, and had not as yet had an opportunity of procuring clothing.

We here left our passengers. The old lady, notwithstanding the chowder accident, on leaving, made me a present; and so did several of the other passengers.

We now sold our cargo, and prepared to careen the ship for the purpose of repairing the

damage she had sustained in our conflict with the French. The mate had several times on the passage, treated me rather roughly, and I had said in his hearing, that I would run away as soon as we arrived in port. This the captain said he would prevent, and accordingly gave orders that I should not go on shore while the vessel remained there. Hearing this sentence of restriction passed upon me, I resolved to leave him if possible, and was determined to bother the mate all I could while I remained on board, and risk the consequences.

At length the ship was ready to be hove down; it was my business to see that every thing in the cabin was safely secured to prevent breakage.—The mate had purchased two dozen bottles of syrup. These he ordered me to take particular care of. I did so, and placed them where they would all be sure to be broken. I heard afterwards that they were, and spoiled a new flag, belonging to the captain, which cost about forty dollars.

We were very much troubled with rats, and had no cat. I told the captain if he would let me go on shore that I would get one. One day he ordered me to take a bag and go to his boarding house and get one. This I thought was my time. I once left all my relations and every thing dear to me, to get clear of restraint: therefore I did not now hesitate to leave strangers and tyrants for the same purpose.

I took the bag and proceeded to the house where I was ordered to go for the cat. The old man told me if I would remain until sundown, that he would give me half a dollar to buy fruit

with. I accepted his proposal and remained with him. At sundown I took the half dollar, bag, and cat, and bid the old gentleman good evening. No sooner had I passed the corner of the house than I "let the cat out of the bag," and steered the way fortune directed. I knew it would be of no use to keep close to the sea shore; so I proceeded to the back part of the town, where I passed the next day in great security.

It was surprising to view the manners and customs of these, to us, miserable beings. I saw hundreds of men, women, and children, nearly naked, promiscuously arranged round a large fountain of water, which was situated nearly in the centre of the town—all unconcerned as regarded their Eve-like clothing. All seemed to be engaged in their respective occupations; some carrying water on their heads in large tubs; others washing in the same stream without the least regard to decency.

No sooner had the sun ran his daily course, and reclined behind the western horizon—than I, like some midnight robber, stole out from my hiding place and began to look around for some future prospects in life. What to do, I could not tell. But, having escaped once or twice from imminent danger, I trusted to Him, or somebody, I did not at that time know who, to take care of me. My whole mind was occupied in planning some scheme for my future safety.

I went to the water's side; here I met with an old negro, who could speak English. I inquired of him if he knew of any ship that wanted hands. He told me he did, and if I would give him two

bits, (which is twenty-five cents,) he would take me to it. I did not stand for ceremony, but gave him the money—jumped into his canoe, and he paddled off. I kept a sharp look out to see if he was not going to the ship I had left; but to my great joy, he did not. He took me on board the ship Diana, of Liverpool, Capt. Willson. She was bound for Liverpool, and wanted hands.

The vessels generally lose more or less of their crews here, from sickness, while lying in port; and when they get ready to start, will have hands, even if they have to use unfair means to obtain them from other vessels. This was the case with the Diana.

I soon agreed with the captain to sail for Liverpool, at twenty dollars per month. The more experienced seamen had forty dollars. As she would not be ready to sail under two or three days, all the men that could be procured, were to be secreted in some safe place. Accordingly, the next morning, I was sent, with eleven others, nine miles out of town, to a place called "Nine-mile Watering Place." Here I found twenty-five men belonging to two other vessels, who were to sail in company with us, and were waiting for their vessels to come out of the harbor.

We lived at the house of an old Frenchman, who was paid by our respective captains for our board. We had nothing to do here but ramble about in the woods—eat oranges, and other fruit, that grew here in great abundance.

At this place I saw a glass snake, the first and only one I ever saw; though I was told that they were common in that country. It was about seven feet long, but very small round. I struck it with

a small bamboo I carried in my hand, and it flew like glass, into a number of pieces. One of our company, who had either seen or heard of such a reptile before, told us it would be whole again in an hour. We waited, and surprising as it may appear, every part, by gradual but slow motion, joined to its proper part, and the snake became whole again, received animation, and crawled away.

We remained in this asylum for several days, and like the fox in the brambles, were quite happy; but, like him, soon found if we attempted to stir, we should be wounded on every side—not by thorns and briars, but by black soldiers. The masters of vessels that had lost men, had by some means obtained information of this place of refuge, and applied to government for assistance and redress. Accordingly there were sent out forty black soldiers, under the command of a captain, lieutenant, three sergeants, and three corporals, with peremptory orders to take us all back, either dead or alive. The old man with whom we lived, fell upon his knees, and entreated us to leave his house, for his life, he said, would be the forfeit, if it should be known that he had concealed us.

What was now to be done? where could we flee? There was no refuge but the mountains, and that was most certain starvation. But to save the life of the old soul who had done every thing in his power for our comfort, we left his house and retreated into the woods, to consult upon what was to be done. While we were deliberating, we heard the voices of the black soldiers that were in pursuit of us. We had now

no time to lose, and in an instant resolved to stand our ground. We had no other arms of defence than those God had given us, and a large cudgel each. The place where we were stationed was a small open lawn, formed by nature —secured by pepper bushes, which grew very thick and in great abundance. This kind of pepper is called the birdseye pepper, and grows on small bushes a little higher than a man's head, and very compact. I believe it is found in greater abundance on this Island than any other in the West Indies.

We came to the conclusion to surround this little plane, and let the enemy take possession of it—then to rush upon them from every quarter, at once—disarm them, and make for the sea shore the best way we could. We succeeded in our plan to the acme of our expectations. We had however but just time to get to our ambush before they entered; and a motley crew indeed, they were, though well armed.

They stood a few moments as if to consider which way we had most likely retreated. I discovered the old Frenchman among them with whom we had boarded, who officiated as pilot. While they were in this state of suspense, we thought it was our time to sally upon them; and as if by instinct, we were amongst them in a moment; and as quick as thought the battle became general. The Blacks fought with considerable warlike courage; but in so close a contact we had the advantage. A great number of them were soon disarmed, and their own fire turned upon themselves. In short, the slaughter, considering our numbers, was very

great. We killed twenty-seven of them, while they killed only six and wounded three of us. They now made a precipitate retreat through the woods; and we deliberately marched from the field of battle, leaving it strewed with the dead and wounded of the enemy, and made our best way to the sea shore.

Our captains having been informed of the detachment that was sent in pursuit of us, had dropped down below the forts, and fortunately were in readiness to receive us on board. I certainly had great reason for rejoicing to think that I had again escaped as it were from the very verge of death. Had we remained on shore three hours longer, nothing but a miracle could have saved our lives. For my part, I never reflected much on the past.

CHAPTER V.

I was now free from my second master, and resolved never to be bound to another. The wind proving fair, the next morning we proceeded to sea. The climate of this Island is very hot, and if it was not for the land and sea breezes, it would almost amount to suffocation.—These breezes seem formed by the hand of Providence for the express purpose of cooling the air. They are the most regular in this port, of almost any other in the world. I have ever noticed that the sea breeze always sets in about mid-day, and increases in freshness until about

four o'clock P. M. when it begins gradually to die away, and continues until about ten at night, when it is almost calm. The land breeze commences about two in the morning, and continues until about ten; from then until the sea breeze sets in, it is almost impossible for strangers to withstand the heat.

Vessels that do not leave the port early in the morning are frequently met by the sea breeze, and are obliged to beat out or put back. We sailed very early in the morning, and consequently were not met by it.

There were three ships in company, viz:—The Diana of Liverpool, of twenty guns, the Eliza of London, of fourteen guns, and the Henry of Liverpool, of sixteen guns. On board of the Diana, the ship I belonged to, there were sixty men, and eight boys, before the mast—the captain, chief mate, second mate, third mate and fourteen passengers—numbering eighty-six in the whole.

We expected to have some trouble with the French; they had heard that we were richly laden, and were assembled in all the force they could muster, to make a prize of us. It remained nearly calm all that night. The next morning there were no less than seven private armed vessels of the enemy in sight; but there were none of them of great magnitude; the largest only mounted eight guns. Seeing our formidable force, they did not think proper to engage us at once, but manœuvred with all the art they were master of to get us separated. But finding we were determined to remain in compact, they bore down and engaged us—for some

time at long shot—doing us considerable damage. Several shot passed through our ship—killed two of our men, and wounded several others. The other two vessels also received some damage. They remained near us for five days, when we were relieved by the arrival of an English man of war brig.

The ship Henry, of Liverpool, was found to be so badly damaged, that she was obliged to bear away to Jamaica. Four days afterwards, we parted with the Eliza, in a gale, and were now alone.

Ten or twelve days after parting with the Eliza, we found that one of the planks of our vessel had been injured by a shot, which we had not before discovered, and by the dashing of the vessel in the sea, she had sprang aleak, and in such a manner that it required our utmost exertions, day and night, to keep her free.* This of course rendered our situation very perplexing, as well as laborious; and to add to our misfortune, one of our pumps burst, and became useless. We were now left with but one pump —seventeen hundred miles from land—an awful situation to be placed in; but those who have never experienced a similar one, can, hardly imagine our feelings at this juncture.

Had it not been for one of those seaman-like expedients, that verifies the old proverb—"necessity is the mother of invention"—we could not possibly have prevented the ship from sinking: we threw overboard nearly half our cargo, which enabled us to bail out the water with buckets, by which means we kept the vessel

*A sea term used to signify that the hold or bottom is free from water.

afloat until the wind abated and the ocean became calm and smooth.

We found that our vessel had become so light, owing to the amount of freight we had thrown overboard, that by lowering a man down by a rope into the water, he was enabled to partially stop the leak. This not only relieved the crew of a great deal of labor, but the passengers of much anxiety.

We now had a fair wind, and were sailing at the rate of eight or nine knots per hour, and flattered ourselves that we should complete our voyage without any further accident or misfortune. But how vain are the prognostications of futurity, especially on the ocean—where a mere change of the wind will sometimes in an instant drive us from our imaginary happiness and security into the darkest dangers, despair and misery! In about a week after we had stopped the leak, another disaster happened to us, quite as frightful and appalling as any that had been experienced. We had started our voyage with water sufficient for one hundred and forty days, and had not been very saving of it, supposing we had a great abundance. We had some on deck, and two casks containing six hundred gallons each, below. Having used all that was on deck, we went below. Good heavens! Picture to yourself our situation! Not one drop did we find. The rats had gnawed holes through the casks, and let out all the water!—This happened the seventieth day after we put to sea.

We had now but one small cask of water, which had fortunately been put on board as sur-

plusage; this however would scarcely afford one ration—and we were over a thousand miles from land! All our cabin stores of wine and porter were out. We had sugar, coffee and rum, but no water except the small cask.

Our captain called all hands upon deck, and told them the situation of the vessel, and endeavored to cheer up their drooping spirits by telling them that they would probably soon fall in with some vessel from which we might obtain some addition to our supplies of water; but at the same time said he must put us on short allowance—one gill per day—this we received, and no more, for seven days; when, finding our water to be nearly exhausted, our allowance was reduced to a wine glass full every twenty-four hours. This we received for seven days, at the expiration of which, the last drop of fresh water on board the vessel was served out. What do you suppose, reader, could have been our feelings at this juncture? Even hope itself seemed to have flown, and eternity, "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," appeared to be our only refuge. Some prayed God to save them from impending danger; while others cursed their hard fortune, and reviled at Providence for permitting these sufferings, which they could not think they deserved. (The only relief I ever found in a scarcity of water, was to chew a piece of lead; this seemed to give a trifling moisture to the mouth.) For my part I thought I was "sent for" in earnest, and began to consider how I was prepared to enter into that world to which I was an utter stranger. I never had thought much of religion; consequently I had

no stay—no support fom that quarter. But still a secret something seemed to say to me, "Bunnell, you are to be preserved for greater misfortunes than this." Be that as it may, I was sure that I could not long survive, unless nature should reach out her hand and rescue me from the ocean, which seemed to roll and tumble with angry impatience, to swallow me up.

On the ninth morning, just at break of day, I discovered something on the water which appeared like a black spot. I communicated this to some of the crew, and with eager eyes, we watched the rising dawn, and to our inexpressible delight, it proved to be a sail. We at this time, would have given the whole world for the privilege of falling on our knees beside some crystal spring, and satisfying our burning thirst. We made for the sail with all possible dispatch —hoisted our colors, union down, as a signal of distress. This the other vessel observed and bore down towards us. In about two hours we came within hail of her, when to add to our misfortune, she proved to be a small brig from Yarmouth, bound to the West Indies; her whole complement of men numbering but seven.—They had a plenty of water for themselves, but little to spare. Our number had been reduced by the death of four, who had expired from intense suffering. The crew of the brig gave us all the water they could spare; and even went so far as to put themselves on allowance to assist us. We parted with them, and proceeded on our way. We calculated to make the land in twenty days, and the water we got from this vessel, by measurement, would give us only a

gill each per day for twelve days. This seemed to me worth more than its weight in gold.

Four days after parting with this brig, to our great relief, it rained for about two hours. This gave us an opportunity to fill all our casks, which in an instant as it were relieved us from great privation and distress.

Our provisions by this time began to grow quite short; but this was nothing compared to the want of water.

* * * * *

At last, after enduring many toils and sufferings,—such as humanity would shudder at—we saw the land's end of England, and with a fair and prosperous gale, we proceeded up the channel—every heart rejoicing at the prospect of soon being in port, and every soul on board but me, of landing in their native country.

"But I not destined such delights to share—
"My prime of life in wandering spent and care."

But as balls fly, in an engagement, without distinction, so did fortune throw her shafts without respect to persons. We did expect, if the wind had remained as it was, to have been in Liverpool in twenty-four hours, but fate had decreed it otherwise. This was the hundred and tenth day of our voyage. The black and gloomy appearance of the east, portended a storm. The captain being well acquainted with a part of the coast, made every preparation for our safety. We close reefed our topsails, and waited with patience for the coming storm. Every thing was silent, like the awful suspense when the sword of the executioner hangs over the neck of its victim. At last it came with a tre-

mendous force. The captain expected we were far enough up the channel, to clear the old head of Kinsale, a head-land of Ireland, and accordingly stood close haul to the wind to the N. E.

At four o'clock P. M. the forward watch gave the dreadful signal, of "breakers ahead!" We found we could not weather the rocks.—Our ship being so light, from loss of cargo which we had been obliged to throw overboard, had fallen to the leward more than we had expected.

I cannot describe the consternation of the crew at this time. Our ship would not stay,—owing to the heavy sea.

The captain saw our danger, and immediately ordered the anchors to be *let go;* but this was of no avail. Before this order could be obeyed, we found ourselves in the breakers; and in a few moments the vessel struck, with a tremendous crash, on the rocks. It was nearly high-water, but the tide was on the ebb. The sea made a fair break over the vessel; when several of the crew were washed overboard, and thus released from all the perils that ensued, by meeting their fate at once—they sunk to rise no more, until the last trump which shall wake the sleeping dead, shall be sounded in their ears.

The tide ebbs on a part of this coast with great rapidity. For about one hour the vessel remained immovable. Knowing that at the return of the tide, she must inevitably go to ruin, our first concern was to save our lives. It was dark as Egyptian darkness. Nothing was to be heard but the hideous roaring of the maddened waves, which raged with great fury.

At daylight the horrors of our situation were redoubled—the hideous rocks, which were higher than our masts, (one of which was already gone,) on one side—on the other, the raging ocean. The tide returning, every roll of the sea came nearer to us—the storm still raged with unabated fury—and no help at hand—no cheering hope to dispel the darkening gloom around.

Our main-mast, which still stood, reached within eight or ten feet of the rocks. One of the seamen, at the imminent risk of his life, succeeded in gaining the rocks, by the help of a small line. With this line he hawled another to him, but owing to the briskness of the wind, he could not get a line large enough to bear the weight of a grown person. I being very light, a rope was lashed about my waist, which was suspended from the second line, and drawn by the smaller one, by which means I reached the rocks in safety. We now succeeded in getting another line on shore. Having made this fast to the rocks, it was tightened by those on board, and to it attached a *bowline*, in which a person could sit and be drawn to the shore. In this way we succeeded in getting two more men on shore. This bowline was so fixed as to be drawn back and forward, alternately, by those on board and those on shore. The ship seemed every moment on the point of going to pieces, and just as one lady, and two gentlemen passengers had reached the shore, by the help of our bowline, the mast, owing to the motion of the vessel, and the great weight that was upon it—all hands endeavoring to climb it—there being no other possible way of escaping from the grim mon-

ster, death—fell, with a dreadful crash—breaking in pieces, and precipitating every soul that was upon it, not only into the billows, but into eternity.

There were only seven saved out of the whole crew, viz:—Three seamen, besides myself—one lady and two gentlemen passengers. Not a single soul of those that were on board at the time the mast fell was saved.

This was truly a dreadful sight to behold.—Reflection still lingers back upon that shocking scene. It is at this moment, although twenty-two years have interwoven it with other heart-rending scenes, so chilling to my bosom, that I feel myself inadequate to give it a proper description.

Our situation, though rescued from the ocean's gaping jaws, was still a perilous one—benumbed with cold—drenched with rain, and suffering with hunger. Taking into consideration these hardships and privations, and having our minds wrought up to the very acme of tragic feelings, by the catastrophe before us, we felt almost inclined to envy our fellows, who had just passed off the stage of existence, and were slumbering with the dead, free from care and toil. But life is sweet, and there was still a lingering hope in our emaciated bosoms, that we should be permitted once more, to visit our beloved country; and shed a tear of congratulation upon the bosoms of our sweet-hearts, our wives and our mothers.

We clambered up the rocks, and proceeded as fast as our emaciated limbs would carry us, to the town of Kinsale, about eight miles dis-

tant, where we arrived about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The people received us, as I thought, with very cool hospitality; though numbers visited us to inquire concerning our shipwreck.

We heard about sundown that the vessel had gone to pieces, and that there was nothing saved on board of her.

The lady and one of the gentlemen who were saved from the wreck, were persons of affluence, and resided in London; they had lost a great deal of property by the wreck. They procured a passage for themselves, one of my shipmates and myself, to Liverpool. The other two seamen were Irishmen. We arrived in Liverpool after a short and pleasant passage, and communicated to the owners of the vessel the melancholy tidings of our misfortune.

On parting with these passengers, the lady made me a present of five pounds sterling, as a reward for my intrepid exertions in rescuing her from a watery grave. This was very acceptable, as I was worse off at this time than when I first left my beloved country, and ran away from my old master, the stone cutter. The merchants also made me presents of considerable value, which placed me in better circumstances than I should have been had our ship arrived safe in her destined harbor.

CHAPTER VI.

I took a boarding-house in Denison-street, and over a good bowl of punch and other refreshments, soon recovered from the fatigue of my late disasters.

I soon found, however, that I was not altogether safe even here. I was in danger of being *pressed* into his Majesty's service. There were four others boarding at the same house, all in the same predicament. They dared not go out of doors for fear of the press-gang. What a country, where their own people, without committing any crime, are subject to be torn from all connexions, and dragged on board a man of war!

I was determined to view the town by some means or other; so I purchased me a complete suit of female apparel, in which I dressed myself. I rambled from one end of the town to the other, unmolested, sometimes accompanied by my landlady, and sometimes alone. We had formed a plan of retreat, in case the press-gang should come upon us in the night. Our boarding house stood at the back part of the town, so that the outer wall of the garden stood at the edge of the fields. By going out through the scuttle-hole, and descending to the roof of the kitchen—thence to the garden wall, and over into the fields—we could elude pursuit.

It was not long before we were obliged to put our plan into execution. By some means the gang had got information of us. One night we had not long been in bed, when we were awakened by the landlady, who told us the gang

were at the door. My companions all sprang out of bed in an instant, and hastened to effect their escape. I scampered after them as expeditiously as possible without any thing on but my shirt. I always took care to wear that under my female dress. We proceeded to the roof of the house in the utmost confusion—like so many rats just routed from some farmers corn-crib, chased by half a dozen dogs.—We however were not pursued by American *Dogs*, but by English *Blood Hounds*. My four companions descended with the agility of squirrels, from one roof to another, and were soon in the fields. I was afraid to leap from the roof of the house on to the kitchen, the distance being so great. But a thought suggested to me in a moment what to do. I scampered from one roof to another until I heard one of the gang exclaim, "this is the way." The light from their lantern which shown upon the roof, discovered to me the only way for my escape.—I kept in the shadow of a stack of chimneys, and ran as fast as I could, from house to house until the light disappeared; I then stopped to take breath.

This was on one of those cold autumnal nights, so frequent in England. There was a cold drizzling rain, and by dint of turning round two or three times I could not tell which way I had come. All was total darkness, and I was wet to the skin—my teeth produced a quick chattering tune, without any rule or regulation, but seemed to keep exact time with the shuddering fever and ague like feeling that ran like electricity through my whole frame.

What to do in this dilemma, I was for some time at a loss. To remain in this situation till morning, I could not bear the thoughts of. To shout for assistance would finish the business for me at once. I therefore determined to raise the scuttle of the house on which the light of the lantern of my pursuers left me, and descend into the garret and there remain until morning. I did so. I rambled round for some time, in order to find something that would answer me for a bed, or some old clothes to wrap myself up in, as I was almost chilled through by standing in the cold rain. The first thing I got into was a pile of feathers; and stepping back to extricate myself from them, I fell headlong down stairs. In falling I burst open a door, immediately at the foot of the stairs, which let me into a room where I was discovered by an elderly looking lady who was in the act of going to bed.

At the sight of such an apparition as myself—more dreadful than the ghost in Hamlet—my frightful appearance greatly heightened by the feathers which adhered to me in every direction, owing to my shirt being wet through with rain—at such an hour of the night, and coming from such a quarter, you need not wonder, that she screamed and fainted—for from my appearance she could not possibly tell whether I was a ghost of the feathered race or of some human being.

Her fainting was a lucky circumstance for me, for it gave me a little time for cogitation.—Often having heard that the female bosom was prone to pity, and fearing that should she again

scream, it might alarm the family, and that they would not *all* treat me as a ghost—I stepped into the room, and seeing a bowl of water stand on a table, I ran for it, and sprinkled some in her face, which immediately revived her. As soon as she could articulate, she exclaimed, in a faultering voice, "Where am I?" Be calm my good lady, said I, you are not in the hands of a ghost, nor hob-goblin. "Who are you?" she ejaculated. My boyish appearance, probably was the means of calming her fears.—I am a poor boy, said I, almost perished with cold; and if you will have a little patience, I will inform you how I came so abruptly into your presence, at this late hour of the night. "Stop a moment you poor little soul," said she, "I see you are young and innocent, and almost famished with the cold, and that I had no occasion to be so much frightened at your appearance."

She then left the room; but soon returned, bringing with her some brandy, and a coat.—The coat she bade me put on. It being an uncommonly large one, I now appeared ten times more frightful, if possible, than ever. One of the sleeves would have made me a pair of pantaloons. I took some of the brandy, which greatly revived me, and related to the old lady what I have already rehearsed to the reader.—She laughed heartily at this nocturnal ramble, which she said put her in mind of "The Devil on two Sticks." She said she knew my landlady, and if I would wait a few moments, she would go and inform her of my situation; which proposal I accepted. She left the room, and was absent a few moments, when she returned

accompanied by my landlady. They both heartily laughed at my singular appearance—took a social glass of brandy "to prevent taking cold," and bidding the old lady "good night," I accompanied my landlady to my boarding-house, which was eleven doors distant.

Do not be surprised at my having told you that the ladies both drank a social glass of brandy, for there are not as many "cold water women" in that country as there are in this.

The rest of my companions returned the next day, and shortly after got on board a vessel and went to sea. One of them I have met with since, in the Pacific Ocean. I had not spent my money quite as prodigally as they had, and could consequently remain on shore a few days longer. I had two complete suits of female clothing. I never dressed in any other during my stay there.

CHAPTER VII.

At last my money was reduced to a mere "fippenny bit," and it became necessary for me to look out for a ship. This is done, generally, by our landlord, or landlady. We receive, by note, one month's pay in advance. This note is given to our landlord or landlady, payable three days after the ship sails. And such things as we want to take with us, they purchase, to the apparent amount of the month's advance. They always calculate on cheating us out of half, if

not two-thirds, and sometimes, by getting us "*corned*," the whole.

My landlady was not long in procuring a ship for me, being very expert in this business, as well as all the other qualifications, so necessary to form the character of a Liverpool landlady. And poor sailors must pay for it—which verifies the old proverb—"Sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses." The ship she had procured for me, was the Montezuma, Capt. Smith, of Liverpool, bound for Parimaribo, on the coast of Surinam. My pay amounted to three pounds ten shillings per month; and all I received for my advance payment, was my out-fit, which consisted of the following articles:—

One small chest, worth	- -	£0	4*s*	6*d*
One pea jacket,	" - - -	0	7	3
One spoon,	" - - -	0	0	3
One knife,	" - - -	0	0	6
Two red shirts,	" - - -	0	7	0
One tea-pot,	" - - -	0	1	0
Half pound of tea,	" - - -	0	3	0
Four do. Sugar,	" - - -	0	2	0
Sum total,		1	5	6

This my landlady said was an elegant outfit for a boy like me, and amounted to full my month's pay. I was content, not being exactly, as the vulgar phrase is, "up to the riggs." Neither did I know how much she had given me, until we put to sea, when some of the older sailors summed up the amount as above stated.

I took with me my female clothing, wig, bonnet, etc. thinking that at some future day, and

on a similar occasion, they might again come in play. And so it happened as will be seen hereafter.

We put to sea. Nothing remarkable happened, except that one of our crew jumped overboard, being crazy with what the sailors call the "horrors," which is brought on by a long course of excessive intemperance. The ship was under such headway, that it was impossible for us to save him.

This disorder I have witnessed in more than a hundred instances. After a sailor has been a long voyage—deprived of every social enjoyment—confined to a small place—moving only in the sphere of the ship—very often being one or more years without putting foot upon land—suffering every privation—such as want of water, provisions, sleep, &c.—the moment they land, their voyage is over—their dangers past and soon forgotten. They are like a wild bird liberated from its cage; their money flies like chaff before the wind—their landlords consult their own interest by keeping them intoxicated, as it is easier to cheat them, which they seldom fail to do. When their money is gone, they have no other recourse but the sea. Here they are at once deprived of liquor, more than their regular rations. The "horrors" ensue, which often, as I have said before, produce fatal effects —so dreadful is this overpowering habit of the sea-faring life.

We had a favorable passage to the mouth of the Surinam. The mate taking a great fancy to me, took considerable pains to instil into my mind the necessity of learning navigation, if I

intended to follow the sea for life, and labored with much interest to teach it me.

At the mouth of the river Surinam, we were boarded by his Majesty's brig of war Surinam. It was then customary for them to board all merchant vessels, and take off such men as they thought proper. They took four from our ship. My telling them I was an American, was of no avail, but owing to my youth, and not having been long at sea, they concluded to let me go.

We proceeded up the river to Parimaribo, a place under the government of the Dutch.—They have a great number of slaves here, who are treated with much severity and cruelty. I saw a poor black girl aged about seventeen literally drawn into quarters by horses, merely for raising her hand to ward off a blow aimed at her by her mistress. There are some free blacks, who, by their industry, have amassed great fortunes. But these blacks, however rich, dare not wear a shoe. I have seen them wear silk stockings with a piece of buckskin sewed on the bottom.

The face of the country is low and marshy—the climate hot and sultry. There was not a day during my stay there, but what it rained at intervals. This renders the country very unhealthy, especially to foreigners. There is scarcely a vessel that remains here any length of time, but what loses more or less of its crew. We lost during our stay, every man except the captain, mate, steward, cook and myself. I thought death had declared war with the whole crew, with a vengeance, and would call upon me very soon if I remained there; I therefore

concluded it was best for me to be off as soon as possible. Always having got off clear, as yet, I thought I could run away just when I pleased, with impunity.

While on shore one Sunday, I met with a colored man who was steward of a brig belonging to London. He told me that his captain wanted a young lad like me. I saw the captain, and agreed to sail with him. But a difficulty arose: The government punished with a severe fine every captain found guilty of enticing away any of the crew belonging to another vessel.—Therefore it would not answer for me to be seen on shore. But this difficulty was soon obviated. I informed the captain of my female dresses; and he proposed to take me to a house in the back part of the town, and pass me off as his wife, until he was ready to sail.

I went after my dresses, but finding that both of them would make too great a bulk, I took but one. I had a great deal of trouble to get my bonnet on shore and not be detected. Having finally got away without being discovered, I made all speed for my new vessel, and by the help of the old steward I was soon equipped in my female apparel. Having no beard, but a very beautiful wig, false curls, combs, &c. with a bonnet trimmed in the latest English fashion, I made, as the old steward said, "quite a respectable looking *lady*." The Captain and myself passed through the streets, locked arms, in great style.

There was one thing in my favor; at the house where I boarded, the inmates could not speak a word of English—neither could I speak no

understand their language. I stayed at this house till Wednesday—observing the strictest modesty in all my behaviour; but on the afternoon of that day I came near being detected.—A lady whose husband had gone to England some time previous, was to take passage in the vessel with me. She was an acquaintance of this family, and came to make them a parting visit. The lady was a native of that country, but could speak the English language. The hostess informed her that the Captain's wife boarded with them, which much surprised her. "Why," said she, "he never told me that he had his wife with him." I was invited into the room and introduced to the old lady. I was much embarrassed by her addressing me in English, as "Mrs. Wilson." I returned her salute with as good grace as I was capable of doing. After a little conversation she invited me to go home with her, and stay until the vessel sailed—she said she would be very glad of my company. I thanked her for her polite invitation, but declined accepting it—modestly assigning as a reason, that I did not like to go without my husband's consent. I asked her if she would have the goodness to take a line to him. She replied in the affirmative, and I wrote to the Captain, requesting him to undeceive the bearer, for fear of accidents.

The captain after receiving my note, made known to the old lady the deception, and all passed off well.

The questions put to me at tea, were,—"How long have you been married? Have you any children?"—and many other such tea-table ques-

ions as are usually bandied about among a company of ladies; all of which I answered with the greatest degree of modesty and composure imaginable. (I have promised my readers to tell the *truth*, but they will excuse me if I do not give them the *whole truth* in such cases as this.)

On Saturday the Captain came to take me on board. We sailed about eleven o'clock the same day, and in one hour were out of the river, the current of which is very rapid. We were, in company with a number of other vessels, under the convoy of a man of war, and were to touch at nearly all the West India Islands, for the purpose of collecting all vessels bound for England. We touched at Tobago, Grenada, Barbadoes, St. Catharines, Nevis and Tortola. The latter being a place of rendezvous, we stopped there three or four days, and then sailed for England. There were three hundred and sixty vessels sailed in company.—Our passage, owing to some very tardy sailing vessels, was long and tedious.

The imagination cannot paint a more beautiful sight than so many sail of shipping—under full sail—in a smooth sea—with a light breeze—all steering the same course, and vieing with each other in velocity—Or, on a clear morning, to hear the roosters answer each other from ship to ship. Had we not known that we were some thousand miles from land, we might have easily imagined ourselves in the vicinity of some wealthy farmer's habitation, or rather some hundreds of them.

The lady passenger often laughed at the captain about his wife, and frequently joked with me about our tea table talk.

Our vessel was a very firm brig of one hundred and twenty tons, and a fast sailer. My pay was ten pounds per month.

After a voyage of one hundred and four days we arrived in the much celebrated river Thames, and in four days more at the great metropolis of England. This has been so often described by more able pens, that I shall not attempt it.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I arrived at London, I had three months pay due me, and I resolved to make use of it in going to school. My board was two dollars and fifty cents per week. I now thought myself of no small importance.

I paid strict attention to my schooling, and in three months was a good common navigator. I next commenced going to a drawing school, but had been but one month, when I was obliged to leave the place "between two days." My land lady's daughter went before a magistrate and made oath that I had misused her. This I did not deny. I knew there were others who had *done likewise*, but they had long ere this gone to sea, and my merely knowing the fact would not satisfy the law, and the only way for me to keep my neck out of the halter, was to elope.—Owing to the hurry and confusion of starting, I left behind nearly all my clothes. But this gave me but little trouble, inasmuch as I was clear—and at running away, I had become quite an adept.

I shipped on board the Pomona, of Port Glasgow, captain M'Naught, bound to the Island of Grenada. I felt in my glory. I could please and feed my rambling disposition. I was young, and had the whole world before me. I feared no dangers, nor cared for any body. I was my own master, and determined to remain so.—Such were the fleeting ideas of my youth.—There would at times, however, in spite of all my boasted happiness, flash across my mind thoughts of my mother—my friends, and my native country—but the sequel will inform you that I was like a young bear—all my sorrows yet to come.

We proceeded to sea. Our passage was a prosperous one until we arrived at the mouth of the Bay of Biscay. Here we experienced a very severe gale—lost all three of our top masts—had every thing washed off the deck, and two of our men drowned. We rigged our jury-masts, and made off as well as we could. Nothing more worthy of notice happened until we had more than half finished our voyage, when we ran afoul of the wreck of a brig which lay partly under water. There was no one alive on board of her. We discovered a dead body lying in the cabin.

We got many valuable articles from her, besides several pipes of wine, which seemed to be her principal loading. We could not tell whether the crew had all perished, or a part taken to the boats and escaped.

Each of the crew received four pounds for his share of the prize, and as much wine as he wished to drink, provided he would not get intoxi-

cated. And, by the bye, I have always observed, that let a good seaman be ever so great a debauchee on land, he will never get drunk at sea.

We arrived in Grenada with all our crew, except the two above mentioned, discharged our cargo, and commenced loading with rum and sugar.

I was on shore one night on a kind of *land cruise*, when I was seized by a boat's crew belonging to his majesty's brig Grenada, that lay in the harbor, and coerced into his Britanic Majesty's service.

Behold me now pressed and dragged like a slave on board a vessel—and that too belonging to a nation that dare prostitute the name of LIBERTY, by claiming a share in her favors.—There was no chance for appeal, and it was idle to lament. I thought it best to make a virtue of necessity—do my duty cheerfully—gain the favor of my officers, and watch for an opportunity to give them the *slip*. The sailing master was an American, born in the state of Maine—his name was Curtiss. I left the Bunnell from my name and called myself David Curtiss, which made me a namesake of the second in command; accordingly he took me for his servant.

Could I have been content on board of an English man of war, I might here have enjoyed happiness to its full extent. But I could not bear the idea of serving that king who hab once put in force all his means to enslave my country, and who my forefathers had shed their blood to oppose. I have often shed a tear of regret, while reflecting upon that name so dear

to me—INDEPENDENCE—of which my country could boast—to think that I was in a country when I did not dare to breathe it aloud. This was the first time I had known how to apppreciate its value.

Every thing went on well for awhile. I courted favor by my cheerful conduct and good behavior; but it was entirely feigned, for had it been in my power, I would have sacrificed both vessel and crew, to have been released from this servitude. But I was compelled to wait with patience for an opportunity to grasp the standard of freedom.

The English were at this time at war with the French and Spaniards. I soon became a favorite among the officers, and was frequently allowed to go on shore; but there was no opportunity presented for my escape. At length we made a prize of a large French schooner, and received considerable prize money. But what is money without freedom?

I had been on board about nine months, when the captain's servant died, and he took me in his place. This gave me greater privileges than I had before, but still it was impossible to escape from the island. About this time the captain's wife and niece arrived from England. I was sent with them to his house, a short distance on the island, as a servant boy. Here I had all that my heart could desire except LIBERTY.

The brig went to sea in about one month, and left me on shore. There was no white person about the house, but the two ladies and myself. The niece was a beautiful girl, about my own

age. I soon fell, as I thought, "head and ears in love" with her, and what was as gratifying as unexpected, I found that my passion was returned by her with an ardor equal to my own; and after the usual "billing and cooing," I promised, with the captain's consent, to "unite my fortune with hers." Our mutual passions grew stronger daily, and at last bordered on the romantic. I do believe she actually loved me—but my love for her had become of a less genuine character. Be that as it may, I had promised to marry her, with the captain's consent—(and had he known all the circumstances, I think he would have acquiesced in the match without ceremony.)

At length the captain arrived—I waited for a favorable opportunity to "pop the question"—I approached him, and with a trembling voice, said, "Capt. Bri-bri-brigs, I have ta-taken a great fa-fa-fancy to your ni-ni-niece, and she has avowed her af-fec-fections for me—I want to know if you will consent to our being mar-married?"

"Married! you damn'd yankee rascal! married! What do you mean! I'll marry you to the devil—get out of the house in an instant—go on board, and dont you let me see your face here again, nor on shore, without my orders—and if I ever hear you mention this affair again, I will take your hide off. March!"

A pretty decent rebuff, thought I, for my first matrimonial adventure—and withal quite cooling to one's sunny hopes of congugal bliss! The idea of being deprived the privilege of going on

shore, was the most I cared about it; for really I began to be satiated with this amorous affair.

* * * * * * * *

The young lady is long since numbered with the dead!

I had no opportunity for an intercourse with Eliza after I received the rebuff from her uncle. I went immediately on board the vessel, and was soon made cockswain or steersman of the captain's boat. I was now, (the captain's orders to the contrary notwithstanding,) on shore nearly half my time, but was not allowed to go to the house. I soon heard, however, that Eliza was to be married to an officer of the navy, by the name of Diggins. Her property was disposed of in such a manner that she could never come in possession of it, unless married in accordance to her uncle's wishes. The young officer being handsome, genteel, and possessing quite a fortune in Ireland, he much pleased the captain, who gave his consent for their nuptials.

There were six men belonging to the captain's boat, besides myself, and we were all of the same mind as regarded running away. We swore to be true to each other, and elope the first opportunity, and take the boat with us, if we could do no better, though it was death to be caught running away with the King's property.

Sometime passed, and we had accomplished nothing. I had been eighteen months on board this vessel and received no pay.

One afternoon information was received concerning some men belonging to a merchant vessel that lay in the port. Our boat's crew, to-

gether with an officer, were ordered to go that night and *press* them. Now boys, said I, is our time—"*neck or nothing.*" They all agreed to it, and each man collected what little money he had, and put it in a canvass belt, which he fastened around his body, under his clothes. I was better off for the *ready* than any of my shipmates, as I had, previous to starting, *helped myself* to seven doubloons, belonging to the captain, by way of indemnifying myself for past services.

At sundown—equipped with a cutlass, a brace of pistols, and headed by a lieutenant, we proceeded along the sea-shore to the place where we expected to find the men we were in search of, but they had left a short time previous to our arrival.

We rambled about the town until nearly midnight, when we were ordered by our officer to return to our boat, and remain until he could go and acquaint the captain with the result of our expedition. I being the ringleader of the plot to elope, gave the word to start, and every man obeyed. We travelled along the beach about one mile, then turned into the woods. About half a mile from shore we come to an old, uninhabited negro hut, which we took possession of, and resolved to remain there until an opportunity presented for our escape, and at the same time entered into a solemn agreement never to be taken alive.

Previous to starting we had purchased three day's provisions, and feeling confident that the brig would put to sea within that time, we had slight hopes of escape. By going on the top of a

high hill, near by, we could ascertain when the brig sailed. Every morning we took this observation, until the third day had passed, and the brig had not yet sailed. The fourth day also passed, and she still remained. We were now out of provisions, and something to eat we must have, but did not know how to procure it. We had limes and lemons in great abundance, but they would not satiate the bitter gnawings of hunger.

One evening, just after dark, I started for town to procure some provisions. After travelling a short time, I came to an old negro hut, where they kept fried fish and bread for sale, (a commodity always kept on hand in this place.) I took all I could get, which was not more than enough to last us one day; but I did not dare to venture any farther into the town.

I inquired of the old negro woman if there was any news? "No," said she, "I belebe not. Hab de man-o'-war got dem men dat runaway?" I do not know, said I, have they been looking for them? "O yes," said she, "da hab search ebery house and negro hut in town—oberhauled ebery ting—offer fifty dollar for any body ketch 'em; but if I know where da were, I would no' tell 'em,—da be such bad men."—"Poor creeters!"—exclaimed the humane old soul after a long pause—[she had long been under the bondage of slavery, but after her master's death, had her freedom given her; consequently she knew how to pity us.] "I wish I could help dem to get 'way from de place."—I knew I could put the most implicit confidence in this old African, but her husband I did not

think quite as safe. I bade her good night, and returned in safety to my companions.

My feelings were much touched at seeing a tear in the eye of this unsophisticated old soul, who once having felt the power of tyranny, knew how to prize liberty.

My comrades were much rejoiced at my return, for I had a "drop of good stuff" with me to cheer up our spirits while in this state of awful uncertainty.

The next morning I went to our observatory, and the brig had not yet sailed. We knew we could not remain here undiscovered much longer, as one of us would be obliged to go to town every night to procure provisions. But, as I soon learned, we had been discovered on the evening previous, and to surrender coolly, we thought would be worse than to stand our ground; and knowing the captain's inveterate temper, we concluded it would be certain death to go back—to look forward every thing appeared gloomy—and to stay where we were, seemed almost impossible; still we resolved to try it, and let the old negro woman into our secret, thinking that she would, by being well paid, furnish us with provisions. It was thought best for me to go and make known to her our resolution, as I had previously been there. Accordingly, just after dark, I started and travelled slowly along the beach, reflecting on my past misfortunes, and present situation, and musing upon what fortune might yet have in store for me. I had a plenty of money, but like the fool who horded his store, was starving in the midst of abundance. I was at this instant aroused

from my melancholy train of reflections, by a female voice:—"David, is that you?" I started in great surprise at this unexpected salutation, and felt for my pistol. I knew the voice, but feared that she had some male companion with her; my fears, however, were soon vanished, and my surprise turned into rejoicing, by the appearance of Eliza, with no other company than her mulatto girl. [This was the first time I had seen her since her uncle bid me leave his house and never again to enter it.] "Do not be alarmed David," said she, on approaching me, "there is no one here but your friends. O how I pity you—persecuted and unbefriended as you are—In what way can I assist you? My uncle has sworn vengeance against you, and says you are very ungrateful, after all the confidence he has placed in you, to treat him with such contempt."

My dear young lady, said I, it is true your uncle has placed confidence in me; but you must consider that I was born under the flag of Freedom and Independence, and that he had no business at all with me; and it was a duty I owed the blood my forefathers shed, to treat with contempt any villain who dare enslave a free-born son of America, and it will cost lives to take us; but I know your gentle nature so well, that I can repose the most implicit confidence in what you say. I told her that she could assist us more in procuring provisions for us, than in any other way, and she immediately sent her black girl after a supply.

I was now alone with Eliza, and you need not wonder if * * * *——but *mum.*

She told me that she was to be married in about three weeks, to the said Diggins, and that her uncle had sworn that he would not go to sea until he had ferreted me out, and that every search was now making for my apprehension. She said it was expected that we had gone towards Point Salune; but fortunately for us we were exactly in the opposite direction.

I told Eliza that if I had a female dress, it would be of great service to me. "That I can accommodate you with," said she, "for I came down with my maid for the purpose of bathing, and brought an extra dress along." We were now interrupted by the return of her servant maid, with supplies, and were obliged to separate. She sighed adieu—which came from an innocent and unsuspecting bosom. I kissed the tears which gently trickled down her fair cheek—took the dress and provisions, and repaired to my companions. How happy are the moments spent in such company, especially when surrounded with dangers!

I related to my comrades the above circumstances, and we held a consultation upon what was to be done. Our deliberations were soon suspended, or changed into quick determination, by the arrival of Eliza's maid, (the next day about sundown,) bringing the following note, which she delivered with tears in her eyes, and nearly out of breath:—

"Dear Bunnell—I have but a moment's time to inform you of your danger. Fly—do not lose a moment—you are betrayed by a Judas. The villain whom the maid purchased the provisions of, mistrusted what they were for,

and watched her, and after we parted, he tracked you; and has made known to my uncle the place of your retreat, and he intends to take you this evening, while you sleep. I am suspected of being accessary to your concealment, but I cannot tell what the consequences will be. Do not be alarmed for me—save yourself—adieu. That you may escape, is the sincerest wish of my heart.

"ELIZA BERTON."

I felt the greatest gratitude towards Eliza for this kind warning, and immediately put on the dress she gave me, in order to be ready for a start at any moment. We were for some time at a stand whether to separate and take to the woods or stand the test. To run would be certain death, for we had no place to go, and to stand, could result in nothing worse. We concluded to remain; and took our position as follows:—Six stationed at the door, and I stood near a window which was just large enough to admit a man—thus situated we awaited the approach of the enemy. One thing was greatly to our disadvantage—we had no ammunition except what was in our pistols, and our cutlasses were very poor; but we were all firm in the same determination that Leonidas and his brave Spartan band were at the pass of Thermopylae—every one feeling himself a hero.

We had not remained long in this state of suspense before we heard voices approaching, and the moon shining very bright, we could discover through a crack in the door, a number of black soldiers. The door had no other fast-

ening than a jack-knife over the latch. They soon came up, knocked, and demanded admittance in the king's name, at the same time telling us, that if we would surrender peaceably we would be forgiven; but this we knew was only a decoy, and told them in reply that the first one who entered would be a dead man.—"Then," said the officer without, "I must order my men to fire upon you." No answer.—For a moment all was silent as death—then the word "fire," was given—and no sooner said than done—and the balls penetrated through our feeble fortification in every direction. One of my companions fell mortally wounded, and I had no time to examine his wounds, nor remove him, but was obliged to let him lay and welter in his own blood, and be trodden under foot by the black soldiers. After the first fire, they burst open the door—I heard pistols and the clashing of cutlasses, and then my attention was arrested by the appearance of a man making towards my station—I discharged my pistol at his head—he fell—and I jumped out of the window, knowing that I could be of no more benefit to my companions, who yet remained in the hut. Having no more ammunition, I threw my pistol down and ran with all possible speed towards the town, and passed immediately through it.

This place is situated partly on a hill, extending each way to the warter. The side which we were on was called the bay—no vessels lay here except those that anchored off some distance from the shore. The other side is called the harbor, where there are wharves built for merchant vessels, and I knew that there was one

or two in at this time, and I was determined to go there, and inform them who I was, and throw myself upon their protection; but I knew if they did not assist me, that I was undone *in earnest.*

While on my way I passed two of our officers in the street, and actually heard them mention my name—my heart beat quick—my steps were short and hasty—I thought they knew me, but I was soon relieved of my fears by hearing one of them salute me as I passed, "good evening my dear;" but, being a very *modest woman,* I made no reply, but proceeded with all possible dilligence for the harbor, where I found along side the wharf an American Schooner, which leaked very bad, and the crew were obliged to pump day and night until they could heave her down, and were at work when I arrived, about one o'clock in the morning. They were very much surprised to see a *white woman* come on board at that hour of the night, in a country where they were so scarce, but I made no delay in informing them of my situation. They all seemed to pity me, but said it would be several weeks before they would be able to sail, and that it was impossible for them to conceal me. "But," said the captain, "there is a vessel lying off at anchor that is to sail to-morrow, and if you will wait a few minutes, I will let one of my men set you on board of her, and I have not the least doubt but that the captain will give you a passage to your own country." I waited with great anxiety, expecting every moment that my pursuers would come on board to search for me. I drank a small glass of spirits, and ate a little bread and beef which much revived me.

At length the boat was ready, and I got in with one of the crew, and we were soon along side the ship Perseverance, of Wilmington, N. C. The Captain was not on board, but I made my situation known to the mate, and he proved to be a friend indeed. He was from Connecticut, the state of my nativity, and was acquainted with some of my connexions. "The dam'd English rascals," said he, "shall not get you again."

I went forward among the crew, and one of them gave me an old flannel shirt, another a pair of pantaloons, the third a hat, and I was soon metamorphosed from a *lady* to a *sailor*. My reflections during the night were such as naturally arise from a consciousness of having done right.

The Captain told me in the morning that the vessel would no doubt be strictly searched, and ordered the steward to find some place where I could be secreted, if necessary. He being a very sagacious old negro, soon found a *hiding place*, (and it like to have *hid* me forever from the gaze of this world.) It was a meat cask, made of staves, in the shape of a churn, though not as high in proportion, and strongly hooped with iron, with a tight lid, fastened on one side by a hinge, and on the other with a padlock: If the officers should come on board to search for me, I was to be *salted down* in this cask. We soon got under way, and proceeded out of the channel; but as soon as discovered by the officers of the brig, they despatched two boats after us, and fired a gun to bring us to.

The old steward now came running down to

consign me to my place of concealment, which was almost equal to burying me alive. I got into the cask, however, and he locked it up.—The torments of hell cannot exceed what I endured, although they may be of longer duration. I had a troublesome humor, occasioned by the heat, which is very oppressive in these latitudes, and indeed almost every stranger is subject to it. The cask was about one quarter full of brine, and there was one piece of beef in it, which answered me for a seat, but the smart was so intolerable that I could hardly refrain from screaming aloud, though that I knew would not answer, as it would have thrown all the "fat into the fire" at once.

The officers came on board, and I heard them search all around me, and I thought if I was compelled to remain many minutes longer, that I should certainly be suffocated, but I was determined to die rather than make any noise. Every moment I felt the difficulty to breathe increase, and I endeavored with all my might to raise the lid a little, but it was in vain; and to make the matter still worse, they moved the cask across the steerage; this brought the brine about my eyes and ears, and I gave myself up to God—I knew no more—animation seemed to cease. How long I remained in this state of insensibility, I could not tell, but when I came to, I found myself in the cabin, and the Captain and mate were using all the means in their power for my recovery. I cast my eyes around to discover where I was, but all that had passed, for a few moments, seemed like a vision. The first words I heard the Captain say, were—"you are

out of danger, my lad—cheer up, take a little of this cordial, (old brandy,) it is a universal preventive for all complaints." I took a dram, which much revived me, and on looking out of the window I discovered the brig a great way astern of us, and our vessel was sailing at the rate of seven miles per hour.—What, thought I, is the fate of my poor ship mates!*

I now thought myself almost within the reach of happiness, and pictured to myself the joy I should feel on arriving in my own native country. But like the country maid, I "counted my chickens before they were hatched."

*In the year 1812, just after the declaration of war with Great Britain, I met one of them in Cherry-street, New-York, who told me that three were killed on the spot, and that the other three were badly wounded, and taken prisoners—tried by a court martial—and that himself and one other were sentenced to be hung, and the other one was to receive three hundred lashes on the bare back—this last one recovered from his wounds and received his punishment, but died the next day—the other died of his wounds; and that he was so badly wounded that his execution day was deferred until he should recover—and that during this interim the brig was taken by the French, and he escaped from France to America, and had never seen them since. He said they supposed that I was badly wounded and had strolled into the woods and died, consequently they made but little search for me; but Eliza, he said, had suffered very much on my account.

CHAPTER IX.

We had been but three days out from Grenada, when one morning, while musing on the pleasing prospects ahead, I discovered, to the windward, a small sail. "Sail ho," said I.—"Wear away," said the Captain, "off the weather bow." We at first took her to be a man of war, looking for men. Good God! thought I, will they have me yet? She neared us, fired a swivel, and hoisted French colors. We hove to, and their boat came along side, and told us to consider ourselves a prize to the flag of Bonaparte. Having come from an English port, we were seizeable by the French. Thus were the Americans molested on all sides. If from a French port, or bound to one, seizeable by the English; If from an English port, or bound to one, seizeable by the French. Thus they retaliated on each other,—and the Yankees had to pay for it.

We were taken prisoners, and compelled to assist in taking the ship to the Island of St. Martins, which was in sight. They took from the Captain and Mate, every thing. My money being in a canvass belt around my body, they did not find it.

We came to anchor about sunset, in the harbor of Narregat, Island of St. Martins. We being Americans, were not put in prison—the ship and cargo were all they wanted. We had the privilege of going about the town, and two shillings per day allowed us to live on. The Government soon procured a passage for us to the

Island of Bartholomew; but I was *living in clover*, and thought this Island would suit me as well as any other, and accordingly remained some months.

The island of St. Martins lies nearly west, and in sight of the St. Carts, and nine miles distant from Anguilla, and in sight of St. Cristophers, Nevis, and Eustatia. The town is pleasantly situated at the head of a small bay, and guarded by a small but strong fort on the north side of the bay, and a battery of twelve guns on the south. The land stretches to the right on a gently inclined plane, about nine miles, and terminates in a high bluff which forms the southern point of the bay. The water is very shoal in the harbor, being sometimes not more than three fathoms deep. Simpson's Bay is about four miles from Narregat Harbor, and Great Bay is at the southern extremity of the island, and at the time I was there, was under the Dutch, and Narregat, the French. This island is small, but remarkably fertile, producing sugar, rum, and fruits of almost every description that are found in tropical climates, in great abundance. The finest pine apples I ever saw grew there.—Potatoes, beans, and peas, are very scarce, and all their flour is imported.

I procured a boarding-house—got good clothes—*assumed* the *gentleman*—and lived on the "fat of the land"—and it was the first time, during my whole course of travels, that I really enjoyed life; but my happiness, as the fates had seemed to decree, was of short duration.

There was a young man boarding in the house with me, of Creole birth—no education, and

very singular habits—who had a great deal to tell me about his "angel," with whom he was "terribly in love," and from time to time gave me intelligence of his progress. [The reason why I am so particular in describing this affair, is, because it seriously concerns me in the course of this narrative.] He was lively, and well acquainted with all the places of amusement, and we soon became very intimate friends. I was continually persuading him to introduce me to his intended, but he declined—though at last, he requested me to write a letter for him to her, to be couched in the most flattering terms of love and affection. I wrote one, and he sent a boy to carry it to her, who soon returned, bringing the same back, with instructions to say that "an answer was unnecessary." This I thought rather singular, inasmuch as he had given me to understand that he was just on the point of being married; but not long after this, at his request, I went with him to make her a visit, at her father's plantation, about three miles out of town, when, in my own mind, the mystery was unravelled.

We entered the enclosure by a gate of elegant workmanship, and passed through a beautiful grove of trees, about three hundred yards, to a splendid mansion. The old gentleman very politely bade us "good morning," in English, and invited us into the house, where we took something to drink, and then walked out with him to view his sugar and rum works. The mill they use for grinding cane is similar to an old fashioned cider mill, and is propelled by two horses. The cane is cut in pieces of about four feet in

length, and in general is about the size of a large corn-stalk, though perfectly round, and the joints farther apart. The juice is conveyed by a spout, from the mill, immediately into the boilers, where it is kept constantly boiling until it becomes sugar, and then it is bailed out into large flat coolers, and when partly cooled, is shovelled into drainers, when the molasses runs off and leaves the sugar dry. The process of distilling rum is similar to that of whiskey. It is made of cane juice, and the dregs of sugar.—The work is all done by Negroes. A white man here who is obliged to do laborious work is but little thought of.

The old gentleman was of English birth, and married his wife in France. She was heiress to the plantation, to which they had removed on the death of her parents. He said they had lived there, contented and happy, near thirty years, and had become rich. He had sixty-seven negroes, and about forty acres of cane ground, garden, fruit trees, &c. all of which were in a neat state of cultivation.

Dinner being announced, he invited us to dine with him, and we proceeded to the house. The dining-room was very neatly furnished, and the table dressed in a rich and delectable manner. I had not yet seen my comrade's "Angel"—tho' we had been seated but a few minutes when she appeared, accompanied by her mother. The old lady had a very maternal look, and appeared to be about fifty. The daughter—what shall I say?—description fails to extol her suffciently—I can only say that to me she was the loveliest form that I ever beheld—sixteen years old, and

form erect and perfect. I rose to make my obeisance; and, had I dared, I would have fallen upon my knees and worshipped her. I cannot describe my feelings, when, with the most affable sweetness that can be imagined, she welcomed us to their house.

My companion introduced me as an acquaintance of his, though very awkwardly, and we seated ourselves at the table. The conversation took a lively turn, and I, on having this "angel" address me, with one of those bewitching smiles on her countenance, by which Cleopatra conquered the great heroic warrior, Mark Anthony, and made all his warlike shafts fall harmless at her feet—poured the *gravy* all in my lap instead of my plate! I felt ashamed and embarrassed, and she to help me along, repeated the question—"how long have you been on the Island?"

After I became a little composed, I told her I did not lament that I had been taken prisoner, as it had been the means of introducing me into such agreeable company. At this moment, a facinating blush flitted across her cheeks.

After dinner, the old gentleman asked me if I had any employment? and on being answered in the negative, told me that he wanted some one to oversee his sugar works, &c. for which he would give good wages. I agreed with him to do it, and found the situation exactly what my heart desired. With this attractive creature, I could now breakfast, dine and sup, like John Bull with "*nong tong paw*." I had not been here long, before there was a feeling deeply rooted in my bosom, towards this lovely and inno-

cent creature, different from that I had previously felt towards Eliza Berton. The *whole business* is, I loved her from the bottom of my heart—my whole soul and every thought was centred in her, and I cared for nothing else on earth—neither did I think of any thing beyond this world, but meeting her—she seemed my only heaven—her frown my only hell. I determined to make known to her my passions, regardless of the consequences. It is true I had a rival, though I cared but little for him, if I could only win her affections. I was for some time at a loss how to approach her, not being very well versed in the art of "making love." I flattered myself that I had her predilection, and when absent from her, thought that the next time we met I would "put the question." But the moment she was present, I was *all aback*, as the sailors say when the ship is taken suddenly by a contra wind, and what to do I did not know.

The old gentleman had a Sloop in which he carried his Rum and Sugar to the Island of St. Carts, and he wished me to take charge of it. I agreed to, though it was dangerous business, as the English cruisers were very numerous, and the vessel would be a prize to them if taken. He was to furnish two hands, be at the expense of all the wear and tear of the vessel, and give me the half of what I could make. I could go and back in a day, and I cleared the first week twenty dollars. On the Monday following, while on my return, I was met by a British Schooner and chased back to the Island of St. Carts, where I was obliged to remain three days, consequently was from home four.

When I returned I learned that Elizabeth had been much concerned for the two last days on my account—I could not at first believe it; but after having assertained it to be a fact, I resolved to bring the matter immediately to an issue.

[During my absence, an English ship had been cast away on this Island, and one of the crew, who had lost every thing, and was sick, poor and needy, had been informed that an Englishman lived on the Island, and came to see if he could get some assistance. The natives call all English who speak that language.—Poverty and distress I could not bear to see, especially when it was in my power to relieve it. I hired lodgings for him, procured a physician, and paid all his expenses for three weeks—and after he had sufficiently recovered, procured him a passage to St. Carts—gave him five dollars in money, and saw him on board a vessel that was soon to sail for his native country. At parting, he expressed his thanks with tears in his eyes. But, said I, if ever you see any one in a like predicament, treat him as I have you, and the debt will be paid. I do not mention this circumstance as a bragadocia, but because I shall meet with him again in the course of my narrative, and then it will appear how he relieved me when in similar circumstances.]

To approach Elizabeth and make known my affections for her, was a great *cross;* but, thought I, after having witnessed so many dangers, and even death in all its horrors, without shrinking, shall I be afraid to face a woman? No—"here goes to try my luck." I made my proposals to her, and succeeded "to my heart's desire." It

would be childish to enumerate all the little, endearing, foolish words that passed between us, for I suppose we said nearly what other people say on such occasions. She blushed—I hung my head, and looked grave, or foolish, or wise, or some other way, I cannot tell exactly how.—In a few weeks she frankly acknowledged her heart to be mine, and scorned the look or action that belied it. Our courtship was pure as the crystal stream, and many years have rolled away since that vestal virgin was numbered with the dead.

I had arrived at the acme of happiness, and had nothing to thwart my purpose but my rival, who said I had undermined him in this young lady's affections, and that he was determined to "bring me to an account." This was not the case, for Elizabeth unhesitatingly told me that she had never given him the least countenance, nor had he either by word or deed, made any proposals to her. I saw him one day, and he was in a great rage—he called me a villain, and said that I had ruined all his hopes of future happiness. Stay my friend, said I, you accuse me wrongfully—the lady is now at her own disposal, and if she will say that she is willing to take you for a husband, I have nothing more to say about it; provided you will make the same promise to me. He did, and the next day, in the presence of her mother and himself, she gave me the preference, and he appeared to be satisfied.

Two or three days after, I met him in a public house, and he challenged me to fight him with swords. I knew him to be an expert swords-

man, and had no notion of being stuck on a *spit, like a Turkey at Christmas*; therefore declined. He then called me a coward. This I could hardly endure; but I considered the consequences of being too rash. To strike him first, I knew would subject me to fine and imprisonment, and I thought that caution was sometimes as good as courage. I bore his abuse for a while with patience; then told him, that if he was determined to have satisfaction, I would give it to him, either with pistols or *fists*. He chose the latter—elected his second, and I mine, and "at it we went," in earnest, and after a short battle I came off conqueror, with but one *black eye*, while he could with *safety brag* of *two*, and a *bloody nose to boot*.

A short time after, he left the place, and, as I understood, was to be absent a year, and every thing went on as well as heart could wish. No happiness can exceed that which Elizabeth and I enjoyed in each other's company. Every day seemed to unite us more strongly to each other. Consent had been obtained of her parents for our nuptials. She was worth a fortune, and I dwelt in raptures on the thoughts of soon meeting my mother with a sufficiency to make us all happy.

CHAPTER X.

I had resided on the Island of St. Martins six months, and consequently was obliged to do military duty—and having a dislike to the militia, I joined a volunteer corps. We were to be mounted—government finding arms and ammunition. Shortly after, I received a Lieutenant's commission.

About this time the English took the Island of Martinique, and it was expected that Guadaloupe, and St. Martins would also soon fall into their hands. One day there came into the harbor a large Spanish ship which had been captured by the French. The prize master wished to be absent a few days, and applied to me to take charge of the vessel until he returned.—I agreed to, and was to receive four dollars for every twenty-four hours. The next day a gentleman arrived who wished to purchase the ship. He told me that if I had a mind to make something handsome, he would put me in a way to do it. I said I had, provided it was honest.

"If there is no risk to run on your part," said he, "and I employ you and pay you for it, is not that sufficient?"

Well, said I, make your proposals, and I will give you an answer.

"I wish you," said he, "to buy this ship for me,—I understand she is to be sold at auction. I will furnish you with money, but it must be understood that you are the owner, and you must clear her for some port in the U. States, and I will have my privateer ready, off

the mouth of the harbor, to take you when you come out—for which I will give you one hundred dollars in cash."

I accepted his proposals, and bid off the ship at fifteen hundred dollars—a great bargain. She was coppered and copper fastened—nearly new, and about four hundred tons burthen.

The third day after she was sold, I was ready for sea—bound to New-York—*in sham*. About eight o'clock in the evening, we sailed—and our plan worked to admiration—the privateer was in readiness, and we were taken. The captain of the privateer and myself had a real hearty laugh over a bottle of brandy, to think how "genteely" it was done.

"Now," said he, "you have made one hundred dollars, and have a chance to make another, if you please." How? said I. "If you will pilot one of my boats along side that sloop lying in the harbor, I will give you the cash." I told him I would, and requested him to have the boat armed and manned. It was done, and we immediately put off for the sloop. The night was very dark, but by the help of the lead and compass, I brought them along side the sloop, without the least alarm being given. We first secured the hatches to prevent any one from coming on deck—then cut the cable, and were under way before we were perceived from the battery; but as soon as we made sail, they saw us, and let the shot fly briskly; but it was with them as with the Scotchman's chicken—"too late."—The wind was fair, and in fifteen minutes we were out of gun shot; and in a little time safe

along side the privateer. I received my money, and requested to be set on shore, and before day light was in town. I gave an account of the manner in which I had been taken, and was not in the least suspected, but condoled with for the loss of my vessel.

I immediately repaired to the house of Elizabeth, and related the above circumstances, and requested her to name the day for our nuptials. She selected her birth day, which was the 10th of July, 1810. This being the 29th of June, the time was close at hand.

On the 1st of July was a military parade, and it was the first time that I had been called out since I received my commission. I took care to have a horse that belonged to the old gentleman, knowing him to be very gentle, for I knew no more about a horse, than a horse did about me.

On the 3d of July, there were several vessels in the offing, which at daylight proved to be English men of War. They stood at first, so close in as to receive several shot from the Fort, then hovered around the Island the greater part of the day, and seemed to meditate an attack. At one o'clock the alarm gun was fired. This was a signal for all, "good, bad, or indifferent," to repair to the Fort. I was obliged to go, and Elizabeth and I "kissed, shook hands, and parted." At sundown our supper was brought to us by our respective families. Elizabeth came with mine, and remained with me until dark, when, with tears in her eyes, she left me, breathing many a prayer for my safety. The whole night passed in continual alarm, and at dawn of day, on the 4th, there appeared to have landed during

the night, a considerable force—two sloops of war were close in with the harbor, but not within gun shot.

This day brought fresh to my memory the Independence of my own dear country. I sighed to think how happy my countrymen were celebrating this 4th of July, while I was on the very verge of an action, and no surety but that the next hour would number me with the dead.—But then a cheering hope would flash across my bosom, that Providence would not be so cruel as to separate me from Elizabeth, just at this time, when my anticipations of future happiness were at their highest pitch. These reflections brought to my mind the following simple but pathetic lines:—

"Thou will turn aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should fall from beauty's eye."

I had no more time to indulge in these pleasing thoughts. A gun from the west battery announced the approach of the enemy. They had landed about three hundred men, and appeared determined to storm the Fort in three divisions. We could bring two thirty-two pounders to bear upon their boats, and soon stove in pieces all save one. They being wholly unacquainted with the situation of the Fort, were subjected to a great many difficulties. It could only be approached by a small foot path that wound up the hill in a zig-zag manner.—Their principal or centre division approached in this way, and the other two endeavored to go immediately up the hill, through prickly pears, which grew so compact and to such an enormous size, that it was impossible to surmount

them. The centre division came on in good order, and with great firmness, though exposed to the fire of our infantry, and three nine pounders. It was their intention to have concentrated their forces at the gate of the fort, but the two divisions finding it impossible to gain the top of the hill, retreated to the main road, and came up the way the first division had. Our commander, a brave and experienced officer, observed this mistake, and resolved to take advantage of it.—By this time, the first division had arrived at the outer gait, which had been purposely left open.

The fort had two entrances, about fourteen yards apart. Between these we had placed a small cannon, filled with musket balls. No sooner had they entered the first gate, than we fired this piece, with a long match, which made a dreadful slaughter among them—at the same time we threw open the other gate, and sallied out, the mounted men in front, followed by the infantry. The slaughter was great, and our enemies fought like mad men.

In the midst of the engagement, I heard my name called. At first I thought it was some order from our commanding officer, but on turning my head a little, I discovered, to my great surprise, an English officer, with whom I had previously been acquainted. I was on horse-back, and he was on foot. When I first saw him he was aiming a blow at me, and as quick as a flash it came, and cut off my right stirrup leather, and made a slight wound upon my leg; but it was the last blow the poor fellow ever gave. I fired my pistol at his head, and he fell lifeless among the dead and wounded. He had formerly been

an enemy of mine, and you may depend I owed none of the English any very good will. His name was Wam—a captain in the marine corps. The men, as soon as their leader fell, laid down their arms. By this time the remainder of the detachment mounted the hill. We had got a six pounder to bear upon them, but they ascertaining the fate of the first division, retreated in the utmost disorder, and the flight soon became general.

The enemy made for their boats; but what must have been their surprise, on arriving at the spot where they had left them, to find them all shot to pieces but one. This they so overloaded, that she filled a little distance off shore, and the men narrowly escaped drowning. They finding it impossible to escape from the island, surrendered. There were three hundred of them, including the wounded, and fifty, together with their commander, killed. We had four killed, and seven wounded—our whole force amounting to but two hundred.

We buried the officers killed with the honors of war, and the privates with every respect and decency. The prisoners were paroled, we having no prisons in which to confine them.

This victory occasioned great rejoicing. Our commander gave a splendid dinner, and presented a belt to each officer.

Every thing being over, I proceeded, as fast as my horse could carry me, to the residence of Elizabeth. The next afternoon I waited upon her to a dancing party. I could see no one that could excel, or even be compared to her—at least in my opinion. They had a number of

elegant dances, to all of which I was merely a spectator, for I knew no more about their French *contre-dances*, than a pig knows how to iron a ruffle-shirt, or a cow to handle a musket.

The ball was given on the 7th. On the 8th I had all my wedding clothes completed, and so were Elizabeth's.

It was my calculation to take a passage to America, to visit my mother, and other relations, then to return and settle down for life with the lovely partner of my choice. The ninth arrived—the fatal ninth of July, 1810—never to be forgotten, until this heart shall cease to vibrate, or its motion be forever stilled, and death teach me to forget all nature. The minister was requested to be there at nine o'clock on the tenth—friends were invited—the music bespoken—and every thing seemed to smile on the approaching union.

I had solicited the old gentleman's consent to give the Negroes a holiday. I gave them twenty-five cents each to make merry with.

Elizabeth could not look at me, nor I at her, without a mutual blush. I thought it was the longest day I had ever witnessed. I suppose I pulled my watch out an hundred times to see the hour. But, alas! the day was far too short.

It is customary in these climates to take the advantage of the morning and evening air, in promenading. After tea, I invited Elizabeth to walk out and enjoy the freshness of the evening. She consented, and we sauntered slowly along the avenue of trees which stood in front of her father's mansion. She was leaning carelessly on my shoulder—my right arm encircling her

waist. We were discoursing on our future prospects in life, and felt our hearts beat in unison. It seemed as if Heaven had expressly formed us for each other. "Oh," said Elizabeth, "how I shall rejoice to meet your mother, and how happy she will be to witness your return in safety. But then there is the ocean yet to cross—we must not, my dear, be too sanguine in our expectations." That is too true, said I, fortune has played me many a slippery trick already; but I believe that I am now about to be repayed for all my troubles, by being united to one of the loveliest of your sex.—"You certainly understand the art of flattery to perfection," replied she.

We had now reached the lower end of the walk, and was in the act of turning round—Elizabeth was a little in advance of me—I saw the flash of a piece—heard the report—but heavens! what can I say! I should expose my weakness by attempting a description. Elizabeth fell dead at my feet—a musket ball passed immediately through her heart. I did not stand long to see who was the perpetrator of this horrid deed; but remained motionless a moment—contemplating the object before me—then clasped her lifeless form to my bosom and started for the house; nor did I stop until I had laid it on a bed. At any other time, or under any other circumstances, I could not have done this. I saw she was no more. The purple stream of life was staining her white robe. Her mother gave a shriek, and fainted. After having partly recovered, she exclaimed—"you have murdered my child!" I paid no attention to any thing that was passing around

me; but with a silent, inexpressible agony of soul, contemplated the lovely form before me—lovely still in death. Although the lily, blended with the rose, had faded from her cheek; yet around her lips there seemed to play a thousand smiles. Those bright and sparkling eyes, that used to speak a thousand things to my heart, that could be expressed no other way, were closed in death. Now ye powers of hell, said I, you have done your worst—I defy you to hurt me more—take me—I am ready.

The old lady having entirely recovered from her fright, a scene ensued that baffles all description. She raved, stamped, and tore her hair. She called me a murderer—a villain, and every thing that a mad woman (for such she really seemed to me) could think of. The old gentleman and myself were the only two that stood in silent amazement, gazing on the corpse. What could my heart have been made of, not to burst at this catastrophe; especially after having been accused of being the murderer, when I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for her sake. I must hurry over this part of my narrative—to dwell on it, is too painful, and I think that the reader will not call me *chicken-hearted* if I should at this moment drop a tear as a tribute to that dear, departed soul.

The next day, (on which I was to have been married,) a coroner's inquest was held on the body of Elizabeth. The verdict of the jury was, "wilful murder." The old lady said that I had murdered her daughter, which caused suspicion generally to rest on me. I was taken into custody and put in prison. I gave

myself but little concern about the result. I could have died a natural death, I believe, without a murmur. But to be hung innocently, I considered rather hard. Hanging, I thought, could not be very *pleasant*, even to the guilty. I now tried to conjecture in my mind who this wretch could be. I thought of no one but Villars; (this was the name of my rival;) but he was, as I thought, absent from the island. I did not know but it might have been an accident; and if so, I thought the person would come forward and clear me. I concluded that there were no more pleasures in store for me. God, I thought, had turned against me, and was now about to bring me to an ignominious end. But then thought I, that cannot be, he will not let me suffer death innocently—why. (said an inward monitor,) my sufferings already are worse than the agonies of death.

The third day after my imprisonment, I was called before a court of inquiry. I had previously requested, on my knees, to be permitted to follow the remains of Elizabeth to the grave, but was refused. This I took very hard—not to be allowed the privilege of seeing interred the remains of her who was the source of all my happiness while living.

The old lady said that she was certain a degree of familiarity had existed between me and her daughter, that exceeded the bounds of virtue, and that she never thought I intended to marry her. The court of inquiry, after investigating all the circumstances, sent me to prison to await the general court, which was to set in a week. I told them that I had no suspicion

of any one but Villars. They assured me that every inquiry should be made.

Two days after, I heard that Villars had been seen on the Island, the night on which the murder was perpetrated. Orders were given for his apprehension, and on Thursday he was arrested. He confessed the crime; but lamented bitterly to think that he had shot Elizabeth.—He said it was his intention to have killed me. This having been ascertained, I was set at liberty. I had come to the conclusion, should I be released, not to visit the old people; but considering that the old lady's age, and the affection which she had for her daughter, had led her into the error, I resolved to go and see them. But before I had time to put this resolution into execution, they sent for me. When I arrived, the old lady would, had I permitted her, have fallen on her knees, and begged my forgiveness; but this I could not consent to. We all three shed tears of real sorrow over our misfortunes and loss. They begged that I would let them consider me as their son, and to make their house my home for life. My dear friends, said I, this place will soon be taken by the English, and I cannot remain here long, for death will surely be my portion if taken by them. I first deserted with the king's arms in my hands—this would be death by a court martial. I killed one of his subjects in making my escape—joined their enemies, and fought against them—and with my own hands killed one of their officers. All this is enough to hang me two or three times if possible. It is true I am an American, but I have no way to prove it, and they will

not take any trouble to ascertain the fact for an individual like me. I will stay as long as I can, and when we are obliged to part, I shall leave my best wishes for your happiness—and should fortune ever relent and give me the privilege of going where I please, without being in danger of my life, I will gladly visit you. It is true we have met with an irreparable loss; but it was the work of an all wise Providence, and certain it is, that so much innocence and purity as that lovely girl possessed, must insure her a seat in heaven, and perhaps she may prove my guardian angel in future dangers.

Ten days after this, (July 27,) Villars was executed for the murder of Elizabeth Hemming. This circumstance is well known throughout the West Indies, and the vulgar on that Island to this day, believe that she is to be seen annually.

It was not long after the execution of Villars, before the surrender of Guadaloupe—and St. Martins being under the jurisdiction of their Governor, was surrendered also. On the arrival of the sloop of war, which brought this intelligence, the troops marched out and laid down their arms, and the place was taken possession of by the English. I saw no occasion to leave yet; but the next day another vessel arrived, and an officer belonging to it came down to the old gentleman's plantation, to purchase a few fat beeves for the Navy. He arrived about ten o'clock, and when he had finished his business, it was nearly twelve, and the old gentleman invited him to remain and dine with him. I came in to dinner, and took no notice who was present, until I was seated at the table. You may

judge my surprise, on beholding, immediately in front of me, Mr. Diggins, the husband of Eliza Berton. He eyed me very sharply, but said nothing until after dinner, when he requested to speak with me in private. We retired into a private room, when he told me that information had been received of my being on this Island, and that I was the murderer of Capt. Wam.—"You will certainly," said he, "be hung, if taken. It is my duty to apprehend you now, as the captain of the vessel I belong to has orders to that effect; but if you can make your escape, be about it immediately—I will not be in your way—do not delay—take my advice. To-morrow morning there will be a boat on shore to take you, and nothing can save you but to flee from this Island." I thanked him for his kind advice, and at the same time assured him that I never would be taken alive.

I found that go I must, but it seemed like parting soul and body, to leave the place where I had enjoyed so many delicious hours—where every thing brought fresh to my memory the object in whom once centred all my happiness, but which was now numbered among the dead.—There was not a bird that sung upon the trees around, but had once warbled its notes to amuse Elizabeth and myself.

In the evening I visited the grave where lay mouldering in silent dust, the remains of her, whose memory will never be erased from my bosom. I sat down beside her grave, and a thousand singular reflections rushed across my mind. I thought of the beautiful lines of Burns in his Highland Mary, and numerous other mel-

ancholy ditties. At last a thought struck me, that if departed souls were ever permitted to revisit this earth, Elizabeth would stand as good a chance to get leave of absence as any other one, and that I might again have the pleasure of beholding her; and I earnestly prayed that this might be the case.

I was aroused from these melancholy reflections by a heavy clap of thunder, and a sharp flash of lightning that immediately precedid it. The rain fell in torrents, and I hurried to the house. It was one o'clock. I threw myself on my bed, and mused upon the following lines:—

"Why should we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms."

I soon fell asleep, and such a vision as I had would make the blood chill in the veins of the most courageous. Should I relate it, some might indulge a serious thought, while others would only laugh at it. Therefore I shall not rehearse it.

I was awoke at four o'clock, as I had previously requested to be—arose and dressed myself in great haste, and proceeded down stairs, where I found the old people up, waiting for me. I bid them farewell, and departed. This parting scene I cannot give a merited description. The old lady wept bitterly—had I been her son she could not have felt worse,—had she been my mother, I should not have felt more sorrow at parting.

I went immediately to the north end of the island, and trusted to fortune for a passage from thence to St. Barts. This was the only possible way of escape. I gave the old negro servant,

whom I had brought with me to take back my horse, a little money, bid him "good by," and ordered him to return home with the horses. "Ah, Massa Bunnell," said he, "poor nigger find no more good Missy Betsy." No, said I, my poor fellow, nor I either. Parting with this old negro seemed to snap the last cord that bound me to life.

I travelled towards a small bay called Cogedelong, where I was in hopes to find some fishing boats in which I could procure a passage to the Island of St. Barts. I found lying there a small sloop, that I used to sail, which the old man had sold a short time previous. She was commanded by one Michael, a particular friend of Villars, and consequently no friend of mine.—He refused me a passage. He had three *strapping* great negroes on board, or I should have compelled him. He knew my situation, and seemed to rejoice to think that he had it in his power to injure me. I walked carelessly away, revolving in my mind what was best to be done. There was an old hut a short distance off, and on arriving at it, I was agreeably surprised to find there five men who had deserted an English man of war. On starting from the old gentleman's, I had prepared myself with a sword and brace of pistols, and they on seeing me armed, took me for some officer in pursuit of them; but I soon convinced them to the contrary. They had been nine days without any thing to eat except what they could find in the woods. I shared with them what little I had brought with me, and briefly informed them of my situation. Now said I, we will fix that fellow, (Michael,)—come,

we have no time to lose. Be guided by me my brave fellows, and we will be in St. Barts before night. I sallied out, with my little party at my heels. I felt prouder than ever Bonaparte did at the head of the whole French army. We were armed with good cudgels, and I had a sword and brace of pistols. Michael saw us coming, and endeavored to get the sloop under way, but he had not time before we arrived.—Well Michael, my friend, said I, I am under the necessity of coerceing you into measures that you would not accede to willingly. Haul your sloop in, said I, and I will take the command, and you can step aside. "If you compel me," said he, "to give up my vessel, I shall report you as Pirates. I cannot help it, said I, necessity knows no law—go we must, and go we will —we have no time to waste in arguing with you. He swore he would do nothing about it, and consequently we were compelled to do it ourselves. We jumped on board, and weighed the anchor. Now, said I, Michael, if you have a mind to come on board, and take a passage to St. Barts, you can have the privilege, if not I will sell the sloop as soon as I arrive. Finding that I was in earnest, he came on board—we manned our oars, and although the wind was ahead, we made considerable progress towards St. Barts. About noon the wind veered two or three points to the north. We made all sail, and at four o'clock were along side the wharf. I told Michael he might as well not make any *fuss* about the vessel. I gave him ten dollars, the others gave him one dollar each, and he appeared to be well satisfied.

My next business was to procure a situation on some vessel. I came across the brig Harane, of N. Y. bound for N. Y. I was just in time—they wanted one hand. I agreed with the captain at twelve dollars per month. The next morning I went on shore to buy some clothes, and other necessaries, where I saw the five men who came with me from St. Martins. They were to sail for France in a few days, on good wages. I agreed to see them again before I sailed. I left St. Martins on Monday the ninth of August, 1810. Our brig was to sail on Wednesday.—I went on shore the morning we were to sail, to bid my old companions farewell. They were under the necessity of keeping secreted for fear of being taken. I was in a back room conversing with them, when I heard a man inquire of the landlord in an adjoining room, if there was a man in his house by the name of Bunnell. At first I thought that it was the captain of the brig looking for me. I looked through a crack of the door, and you may judge my surprise on beholding an English officer, who had come from St. Martins in pursuit of me. I jumped out of the back window—ran to the wharf—and in a few minutes I was on board the vessel, and in the course of an hour or two we were out of sight. I silently rejoiced to think that I had once more escaped from imminent danger. We ran down past the Island of St. Martins, and I took a farewell view of it. I have seen it but once since—and although a great way off, it gave me a melancholy thought of scenes that had wrought so much upon my youthful fancy.

I could see nothing now to prevent me from

soon landing in my own country, and being happy, at least for a while—if happiness could inhabit a bosom, heretofore so destitute of it.—Our passage proved prosperous and pleasant, until the 22d of August. We were about half passage, and not far from six hundred miles from land—sailing at the rate of nine knots an hour—it looked black to the windward, and portended a violent gale. The mate had neglected to take in sail in time, and the wind suddenly veering to the north-west, struck us all aback. So sudden and severe was the shock, that the vessel was turned, in spite of human exertion, bottom up. In an instant, as it were, every soul was precipitated into the ocean. Our ballast was small stones, and when the vessel capsized, burst off the hatches, which prevented her from sinking. She remained exactly bottom up, her masts and sails preventing her from righting. I was in the water some time before I could get hold of any thing. At length, with great exertion, I succeeded in getting on the bottom of the vessel. I had been in this situation but a few moments, when the negro cook succeeded in gaining a seat near me. The next, and last, was Willson Morgan, of Newbedford. I heard the voice of the captain in the water, and called to him to swim towards me; but I suppose he sunk very soon after, as I heard him no more. I remained in this situation until daylight, musing upon the ways of Divine Providence. Fortune, thought I, has taken me for a plaything; but I fear this is the last trick she will ever play me—she has done her worst. I regretted that I had not *blown my brains out* at

the time Elizabeth was shot, and accompanied her into eternity—or that I had left the Island at all. I might, I thought, as well have been hung, and died at once, as to starve to death in this miserable situation. This was my train of thoughts while at the very gate of eternity—and grim death staring me in the face. The morning dawned, but brought with it no cheering hope. The sun rose in all his splendor. I sat facing the east. My two ship mates sat with their backs towards me. They turned round at sun rise, as if to view his golden beams for the last time. There was not a single ray of hope in any of our bosoms of ever being relieved from this predicament. We were all much fatigued in gaining the wreck. I had swallowed considerable salt water, which occasioned the most burning thirst that can be imagined. You who roll in splendor, and know nothing of distress, picture to yourselves this awful juncture. Judge of the feelings of the victim who views the sun rise on the morning of his execution—he is better off than we were.—For he knows the hour he is to die, and the crime he has committed, and feels resigned to his fate. We were not sensible of having committed any crime, yet the most shocking of all deaths awaited us. We sat in silent contemplation—not a word passed between us for some time. At length I heard Morgan exclaim—"Oh my wife! my children! what will become of them? I am their only support." Remember, said I, God has promised to befriend the widow and orphan. "I feel," said he, "such a shock-

ing pain in my bowels—I cannot stand it long—I have swallowed a great deal of salt water."

The old cook was very religious, and the following advice which he gave, I shall never forget: "Put dy trust in de Lord, and He will reliebe you." About eight o'clock in the morning, a gentle breeze sprang up from the S. W.—a short time after I saw a sail very distinctly.—Cheer up my lads, said I, here comes relief.—God only afflicts us, the more plainly to show his power to save. The vessel was about nine miles off when I first discovered her. She soon approached so near that I could distinguish her rig. It was a brig belonging to the United States. I took off my shirt, and standing upon the keel of the vessel, waved it in the air as high as I could reach; but they passed without taking any notice of us. They could not have seen us—for I will not believe, although I have seen all kinds of inhuman beings in human shape, that there could be any so unfeeling as to leave us to our fate, if they had discovered us, for had we been dogs, it would have been an act of humanity to have saved us.

It now seemed as if the door of mercy was forever closed against us. Unhappy souls, cried I—help was almost within our grasp, but a few moments since, but now it is gone forever, and with it all our hopes of being rescued from a watery grave.

While the vessel was in sight, Morgan sat with his back towards her, and was so weak that he could not turn round. He inquired from time to time if she neared us. I answered him in the affirmative for a while, but at last it

was evident that she was making from us; I informed him of it, and he sunk down upon his face in apparent despair.

I felt as if my last hour had already commenced, and therefore took into serious consideration the subject of death. I knew I had enjoyed but little pleasure in this world as yet, and probably would not, should I live to be as old as Methusela, and consequently concluded that I might as well die now as at some future period. About futurity I had thought but little. It is true I had read the Bible *through*, but like too many others did not take the *sense* of what I read, or rather did not profit by it. I was not much alarmed at the thought of dying, for I had a kind of awful curiosity to visit the other world.

It being some time since I had heard a word from Morgan, I supposed he was dead. The cook had several times murmured something I could not understand, though I supposed him to be praying. To pray I did not know how; but very naturally concluded, that without a miracle, one could not be saved from the wreck without we both were, consequently if there was any benefit to be derived from his prayers, I should receive it equally with himself. [Similar to several persons being in a dark room—if either of them should light a candle, all in the room would receive equal benefit from it, for it would be morally impossible for him to confine the light to himself alone, and so it was with the poor old negro's prayers.]

About four o'clock I saw a sail to the S. E., and communicated the discovery to my companions. The old cook looked up and saw it also,

but Morgan paid no attention to any thing I said. He lay on his face,—his legs hung down on each side of the vessel's keel. The old cook exclaimed, in an apparent transport of joy, "God has heard my prayers; and I shall praise him while I live."

[I thought if I was saved this time, I would learn how to pray, for I might at some future period be in a similar circumstance, without so profitable a companion.]

The strange sail approached us fast, and to our great joy she was standing directly for us; and had we not been perceived by them, they would have run afoul of the wreck. I stood up and waved my shirt—they saw it, and immediately hove too, and sent out their boat for our relief.

We were taken on board the ship Independence, of Charleston, South Carolina, bound to Charleston, commanded by Capt. James Walker, from Limeric. After a passage of about fourteen days, we arrived at Charleston.

Among the passengers there was a surgeon, who used every exertion to resuscitate Morgan, but it proved in vain; he survived but three days. The fatigue he had endured, both of body and mind, was too much for his constitution.

The circumstances of this ship-wreck were mentioned in the Charleston Courier of Sept. 11, 1810, and the names of the survivors given. The passengers made up a purse for the old cook and myself of one hundred dollars.

Misfortunes thus far through life had been heaped upon me in such quick succession, that

when I found myself safe, with fifty dollars in my pocket, I resolved to *lose no time*, and like other sailors, soon learned to drown all sorrows in a flowing bowl. Previous to this, I had been remarkably temperate, but if I did not drink, I was called "no sailor," and never having had the serious effects resulting from an intemperate life, impressed upon my mind while young, it did not take much persuasion for me soon to become as expert a seaman on land, as I already considered myself an able one on the water. Being naturally of a lively disposition, "when heightened by a few glasses of the *creatre*," I made a "real jovial companion." I could drink, laugh, sing, and tell stories. These are the qualifications necessary to constitute a "jovial companion," among sailors.

CHAPTER XI.

A melancholly circumstance happened during my stay at Charleston, which, for its singularity, I cannot forbear to mention. There was a man by the name of G———* who boarded in the same house with myself—his parents lived sixteen miles from Charleston. One night we had been out together until quite late, and put up at a neighboring house. We lodged in separate rooms. In the morning the servant came run-

*This circumstance is well known all over Charleston, and I shall omit the young man's name out of respect to surviving friends and connexions.

ning into my room, with all the horror depicted on her countenance that Shakspeare has described in his deepest tragedies. I was struck with astonishment on beholding such a looking figure. I inquired into the cause of her fright, but she made no reply. I conjectured that she had seen a ghost, or devil, or something *worse*, and had I not known her to have been of this world, I should have surrendered, and considered myself *sent for* by some supernatural agent.

"For God's sake," said she, after having a little recovered from her fright, "go look!—Ellen is murdered, and your ship mate has fled!" I ran into the adjoining room, and there I beheld a sight too shocking to describe. The girl lay weltering in her gore, with her throat cut from ear to ear. My ship mate G——— was no where to be found. I called up the inmates of the house, and had a coroner immediately sent for. He forthwith summoned a jury of inquest, and they gave a verdict of "wilful murder." There was a messenger immediately despatched for G's parents, who arrived the same day—and, shocking to relate, the girl was their own daughter! This in some degree unravelled the mystery. It appeared that he had, though unknowingly, committed incest, which led him to add murder to the crime. A great reward was offered for his apprehension, but no information could be got concerning him. The feelings of the young lady's parents on finding her in this situation, after having been absent from them eighteen months, can more easily be imagined than described. She left home in company with a young gentleman to attend a dance, and neither

had been heard of since, until now. She changed her name, which probably prevented a discovery of the place of her retreat. This scene brought to mind the following beautiful lines :—

> "When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late, that men betray—
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What art can wash her guilt away?"

I remained in Charleston until I had spent all my money, and then shipped on board an English vessel, bound to Liverpool. The crew had all deserted, and the captain offered great wages for hands, and pledged himself to procure them a passage back to America.

We sailed, and had been at sea but one month, when we were boarded by his Britanic Majesty's Frigate Eurydice, Capt. St. Bradshaw.—Myself and two others were *stowed away* in the hold among the cargo, and after searching nearly two hours, they discovered us, and we were pressed. Now thought I, these scoundrels will have the pleasure of hanging me yet, if they happen to know me.

Having once received great benefit from changing my name, I thought I would again try it, and accordingly called myself David Curtis. I told them I was an American; but the captain, in reply, told me that I was as much an American as he was a Bishop, and no more, and that I must serve his Majesty.

This ship was bound to Halifax, with despatches from thence to survey the straits of Magellan, near Cape Horn. We arrived in Hali-

fax, and after a short stay, proceeded on our voyage.

There were so many offences punishable by flogging, on board this vessel, that it was next to an impossibility to "steer clear." If we looked cross at an officer, we were flogged—if we struck one, hung—if we did not make sail quite quick enough, all flogged. I have seen one hundred flogged before breakfast—myself one of the number. In short, it made no difference whether we did right or wrong, we were flogged just as it suited the whim of an officer. I saw but one who was brought up to be flogged, get clear —this was captain of the sweepers—a facetious old fellow. When he was brought up, with a very grave countenance, he looked round, and then exclaimed—"It is hard, I think, that *us* captains cant agree." The captain could not help but smile, and he released him.

I lived, while on board this vessel, the most unhappy life that mortal could. We had not a single moment, day nor night, that we could call our own. We also suffered a great deal for the want of water—being under the equator, where the weather is very hot, and living on salt provisions, we required double the quantity that we would in almost any other situation.

Our passage to Riojaneiro was short, and as pleasant as we could anticipate. Riojaneiro, stands on the coast of Brazil, and is its capital. At the time I was there, it was under the Portuguese, and governed by a Vice Roy from Portugal.

Here we took in water and provisions, and proceeded to Rio de la Plata—from thence to

the Falkland Islands, and then to the Straits of Magellan. We came very near being cast away at this place. We had been lying to all night, and in the morning found ourselves surrounded by breakers, having drifted through a passage not more than twice the length of our ship. We had a great deal of trouble in getting out. After surveying the straits, and ascertaining that a passage through them was practicable, the captain resolved to visit Patagonia, in order to ascertain whether the inhabitants were of such gigantic stature as they had been described to be. We were there in January, which is mid-summer with them, and it froze in the middle of the day. The sun rose at quarter past one P. M. and set at half past eleven A. M. It is the reverse in the months of July and August.

The captain, and two other officers, accompanied by fifteen men, myself one of the number, supplied with provisions sufficient to last us five days, proceeded into the interior of the country. We travelled through woods, and over deep snows three days, when we came to a small hut, built of logs, and covered whith seal skins. There was a brisk fire in the centre, and seated by it was a monster of the female sex, dressed in seal skins. It was the most miserable looking place I ever saw, and for cleanliness might be compared to one of our *pig sties*. The woman appeared to be surprised at our appearance, but not frightened, for I suppose she took us to be children of some other nation. She was hospitable, and offered us some dried fish, and a piece of seal's flesh, both of which we declined accepting.

She measured seven feet nine inches, and her child, which was, as near as we could ascertain, from her pointing to the moon, and then counting her fingers, two moons and a half old—weighed one hundred eight pounds and a half, and appeared as helpless as our children at the same age. We broke some bread and ate it before her, but could not get her to taste it. Her husband measured, as near as we could ascertain from her, nine feet seven inches. He, together with the rest of the tribe, were off on a hunting tour. There were no signs of cultivation—they live by hunting and fishing.

This hut we presumed was their summer habitation, for a little distance from this, on the side of a hill, there was a deep cave, sufficiently large to contain an hundred persons with ease. There was a hole through the centre which was used as a chimney. I was informed that previous to the winter's setting in, they got sufficient supplies of wood, provisions, water, &c. for the season, and retired to this cave—stopped up the mouth, and remained there until summer, when they came out and resumed their hunting, &c.

We stayed near the hut one night, and in the morning departed, and arrived at the ship, after an absence of seven days, almost famished with cold and hunger. Some of our party froze their feet, some their hands, and others their ears. One of the officers was so much frostbitten that he lost three of his fingers, and the whole crew would have rejoiced, had it been his head. He was a consummate villain and tyrant.

The next day we sailed for England. We touched at the Falkland islands, and sent a boat's crew on shore to get eggs; they had not been gone more than two hours, when they returned with a barrel and a half of all descriptions.—They said there were eggs in great abundance, but their force was not sufficient. The ostriches would make battle with them, and it was as much as a man could do to defend himself against one of them.

We made sail for Rio Janeiro. One of our men fell overboard in a calm, and before we could get a boat to his assistance, he was bit in two by a shark, and swallowed by him, assisted by two others that were near by. We did not discover either of them when the man first fell overboard. He had been flogged almost every day for the week previous, and it was supposed by many that he threw himself overboard on purpose, and I do not in the least doubt it, for another, while in the very act of being flogged, knocked down the man who was tying him, and jumped overboard. They never hove the ship to, at all, nor seemed to mind any thing about it. What must these unfeeling wretches think, when treating their fellow creatures with such cruelty? This treatment, though it grieves me to say it, is not *altogether* confined to the British Navy.

We arrived at Rio Janeiro safe, and I watched for an opportunity to escape, but there was none presented. I commenced writing a letter to the American Consul, for which I received one dozen lashes, and was threatened with three times as many if I should ever attempt the like

again. A boat's crew found means to runaway, and out of seven they caught but two. These poor fellows were taken to England in irons—tried by a court martial, and sentenced to three hundred lashes from ship to ship, through the whole fleet—one received his punishment and died soon after—the other, *more lucky*, took sick and died before his sentence could be put in execution.

We sailed from here, and without any material accident, arrived at Portsmouth, England.—I here got an opportunity to write to the American Consul, at London, and received for an answer, "if you have no protection, I can do nothing for you."

I was transferred to his Majesty's brig Fantome, Capt. Bradshaw, and proceeded with a convoy up the Baltic—then returned and joined the fleet off Flushing, under the command of Admiral Young, and after remaining some time, we were sent to watch the movements of the French fleet at Goru. One night about eight o'clock, while we were lying at anchor, and just as we had got cleverly in bed, a French man-of-war, of superior force, bound into the harbor, came alongside of us, and the first salute we got of French politeness, was a broadside of grape and canister shot. We were soon at our quarters, cut our cable, and a running fight commenced, which lasted about half an hour, when we were so close into the harbor that the fort opened her fire upon us, and we were obliged to make the best of our way out, and had it not been for a light breeze that sprung up off the land, we should have been taken. We got off

by great exertion, with the loss of our foretop-mast, and seven men killed and nine wounded. I was most exposed to the enemy's fire of any one on board, as I acted in the capacity of signal-man, but came off unhurt, though there was a lieutenant shot through by my side. We received much damage in this short conflict, and were obliged to go into port to refit, and accordingly made sail for Shereness, a large naval depot near the mouth of the river Thames.

We refitted, and proceeded again to join the fleet, and were sent from there to Portsmouth with despatches. I was here taken very ill, and was sent to the hospital, and for some time my life was despaired of; but youth, and a strong constitution, got the better of my disease, and I recovered, after a severe fit of sickness, which lasted three months.

This hospital I suppose is one of the finest in the world. It forms three parts of a square, open in the centre; the other part of the square is occupied for a church, and every sailor as soon as he gets able to walk, is obliged to attend service every Sunday. It consists of one hundred and twenty six wards—each ward is sufficiently large to accommodate eighteen men, and the great square, as it is called, four times that number. It is generally managed by some one who has borne a commission in the navy, and been disabled. At the time I was there it was managed by Admiral Collingwood, who had lost both his legs with Lord Nelson. Each ward is allowed two female nurses, who receive twenty-one shillings each per month, and found —together with a place detached from the ward

to live in. If they remain a nurse ten years, they receive after that, a pension of five shillings per month, during life—if twenty years, ten shillings. There was one there when I was, who had been in the business thirty years, and was upwards of seventy years old. She was in many respects better than any of the doctors, and in difficult cases was frequently consulted by them. There were four chief doctors, who had two mates each. They have their respective wards to attend to, and take turns of a week each to receive patients. Besides those who have the charge of the physical, there are two surgeons who attend solely to the surgical department. The hospital is five stories high, and water, by the help of machinery, is transported to the upper lobbies. The doctors visit their patients three times a day, without fail.

Just as I got able to walk about a little, the second nurse in the ward that I belonged to, was taken sick, and the one who had been procured to fill her place, was ordered to bring me some medicine. She came to my bed—Imagine my surprise on beholding the daughter of my London landlady—the very one who was the occasion of my precipitate retreat from that place. I was so much altered by sickness that she did not know me, but I knew her.

The nurses have to set up by turns all night, and one night this girl came and sat on the foot of my bed, and I got in conversation with her.—I asked her if she had ever resided in London? She answered in the affirmative. I then asked her if her father did not keep a boarding house? She stared at me for a moment, and exclaimed,

"Is this you David?" Yes, replied I. "Wretch," said she, your child is not a mile from this place, and is upwards of two years old." That cannot be helped, said I, the best are liable to err at times, and I can do nothing for you now.

I received the most assiduous attention from this girl and grew better fast, and in a few days was discharged from the hospital and sent on board the guard ship, Royal William, at Spit Head. I acted in my old station—as signal-man. This was a very easy situation; I had only to keep two hours watch every night.

I had not been on board long, before I formed the strongest ties of friendship with a countryman from New-York, by the name of Archibald Post. He was also a signal man, and we relieved each other; and finally, we concluded to run away, and risk the consequences. We got three others into our plan—one of them a marine. There was a marine walked post every night on each side of the vessel, and two more were stationed at each end. There was a small boat which was hoisted up every night, a little way out of the water—the rest were hoisted all the way up, which brought them about thirty feet from the water. The guard consisted of thirty marines, who were always ready at a moment's warning, with arms loaded. We had agreed to attempt our escape the first night our marine should be on post. My watch was from four until six in the morning. When the marine came on, I notified the other three who were to desert with us, and as soon as all was quiet we embarked in the boat we had previously selected. Two of us stood with good sharp knives to cut the

ropes as soon as the boat should touch the water. We succeeded finely, and shoved off without being discovered. (We had about a mile and a half to row, and the only weapon of defence we had, was an old damaged pistol, that I had stolen, and which I afterwards found had no lock.) Unluckily, we made some noise in arranging our oars, which alarmed the other sentinels, who fired upon us, and this aroused the whole guard. By this time, we had four oars in operation, and the marine was steering. Before we had got one hundred yards from the vessel, the whole guard fired, and the balls struck all about us in the water, and a number hit the boat: one ball entered my oar close to my hand—which I thought was quite near enough. The poor marine was shot dead, and fell upon the bottom of the boat. Another of my brave fellows was so badly wounded that he could not manage his oar. This for a while gave us a great deal of trouble, as it left us with two men on one side, and only one on the other—but we were soon relieved from this embarrassment by another being wounded, which left one on each side, and a steersman.

We landed on the beach without further loss or damage. Neither Post nor myself had received any injury: We left the boat, the dead and the wounded, behind, and "took ourselves off." The two wounded sailors wished us success, on parting, and one of them, taking a two pound note from his pocket, said—"Take this, shipmates, it will be of no use to me—my wound is mortal." The ball had entered his breast, and as I have since heard, he died the next day. The other

was wounded in the leg, and his fate is unknown to me.

There arose a serious difficulty; we had to pass through the town of Portsmouth, and go out at what is called the country gate—at which there always stands a sentinel, and no sailor is permitted to pass without a passport. As good luck would have it, a remedy for this evil was at hand. There were two farmers in sight, with long frocks on, and old *slouchy* hats and coarse tow trowsers—Come, Post, said I, an exchange is no robbery—let us try it. [We had on broad cloth round-a-bouts, vests and pantaloons.] We came up to the farmers, related our situation in a few words, and proposed an exchange of coats and hats; but they said they could not exchange unless compelled to, for they should be liable to be taken up. Well, said I, if that's the case, we can soon "compel" you, at the same time drawing the pistol from my bosom—strip said I, this moment, or I will blow you both to the devil. They did not long hesitate, and the exchange was soon effected, and we, dressed in farmers' apparel, set off as fast as possible. I had the two pound note and a few shillings besides. Post had upwards of ten pounds, which he had been some time laying up for this occasion.

We did not stop in the town, but travelled on as fast as we could to the country gate. The sentinel supposing we were two farmers who had come in on some business, took no notice of us. We travelled until about noon, and then stopped to take some refreshment. I heard afterwards that the farmers were both taken up,

and they told the officers—God bless them for it—that we had taken the road to Dover, in order to cross over to France. This put the *blood hounds* on a wrong *scent*—and to make the story short, we arrived in London safe, on the 23d of April, 1812.

I did not visit any of my old acquaintances, but steered immediately for the London dock,—equipped in my farmer's dress. Here we found two American vessels—the Hellen and Fredonia, both of New-York. Post got a passage in the Hellen, bound direct to New-York, and I agreed to work my passage on board the Fredonia, which was going to St. Ubes in Portugal, and from thence to New-York. We sailed, and in four days were clear of the white clifts of Albion—so much celebrated in song and story—and to me a happy sight to see them behind me. Well done Bunnell, thought I—a complete *Yankee trick*—to rob two farmers (Englishmen) with an old pistol without a lock—and defeat the argus eye of Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, and make my escape through the heart of their country,—and get off clear from their tyrannic sway, and taste once more the glorious sweets of freedom.

Our passage to St. Ubes was short and pleasant. At this place it was the captain's intention to take in a cargo of salt, and there being a ship in the harbor, which was to sail the next day for New-York, I took passage in her for home, and arrived at New-York safe, after a short and pleasant voyage.

CHAPTER XII.

The sight of Sandy Hook, after having been absent nearly seven years, brought a thousand pleasing reflections to my mind, and I was overjoyed to see the steeples rising to my view.

I arrived in New-York June 18, 1812—the very day that war was declared with Great Brtian, and the President, Constellation and Congress, sailed on the same day on a cruise.—We landed along side the wharf about sunset.—The next day I travelled New-York over, and went to the house of my old master, but could get no tidings of my mother, sister nor any of my relations.

At this time my country called for my assistance—and taking into consideration that if I fell, it would be honorable—and that I had no children to mourn my fate—and that revenge was sweet—and it would give me an opportunity of settling some small *accounts* with *John Bull*, which had been of long standing, and for which I had his *note, engraven on my back*—I joined the service, June 21, 1812, in the gun boats commanded by Commodore Chauncey—I was attached to gun boat 100, Captain Jenkins.

The first employment of the seamen was to carry stone for the building of the telegraph at the narrows, and another on the highlands.—About the latter end of August, we were all mustered in the navy yard, and the question taken—"All you who will volunteer to go with Com. Chauncey to Lake Ontario, step o ut."—All stepped out but five, and they were compelled to go likewise.

We had twenty-four hours of liberty given us to take a parting dinner with our friends. We then embarked on board of sloops and sailed for Albany. I went on board of one commanded by Capt. Trent, a singularly brave patriot, who deserves the notice of every well-wisher of his country. His only fault was, that he was incautiously brave—he knew no fear, and feared no danger.

We arrived at Sackett's Harbor in August.—Commodore Chauncey had brought into the service several schooners, and resolved on a cruise before winter set in. We sailed with five schooners, and the brig Oneida, in which the Commodore hoisted his flag.

We sailed across the lake towards the Canada shore, where we fell in with H. B. M. Ship Royal George, and chased her into Kingston, when the signal was given to form a line and attack the place.

The Royal George was moored across the harbor and presented to us her broad side, from which she opened a heavy fire. We stood in good order, exposed to the enemy's fire from their batteries, which we returned with ardor and spirit, in the height of our desire for victory. The signal was soon given to bear up, and we steered out of the harbor. This surprised a great many, but it was our duty to obey, and I am not disposed to find fault. We had but one man killed in the whole squadron.

We proceeded immediately for Sackett's Harbor, and hauled our vessels into winter quarters. In the course of the winter, the Madison, a ship of twenty guns, was launched and rigged, and

the keel of another laid. The winter proved very sickly, both to sailors and soldiers—numbers died daily.

We fitted out our squadron, and, augmented by the Madison,* of twenty guns, to which I was attached—took on board troops under the command of Generals Dearbon and Pike, and sailed for Little York. We arrived off the mouth of the river at daylight, on the 27th of April, 1813, and immediately began to land the troops under the command of General Pike—General Dearbon remaining with Commodore Chauncey on board the Madison, which was anchored a convenient distance from the town to disembark the troops in safety.

I belonged to the Madison's *launch*, under the immediate command of Lieutenant Gregory—a brave and experienced officer. The enemy marched out to oppose our landing, and were drawn up in a line on the bank about a quarter of a mile from the town. There was in our boat, the lieutenant, cockswain, twenty soldiers, and sixteen of the boat's crew—thirty-eight in the whole. We pulled up to the beach amid a shower of musket balls from the enemy, and being the first, were for some time exposed to their whole fire. After a severe contest of about half an hour, the enemy retreated to their works.

Lieutenant Gregory received, during this action, four balls through his clothes in different places, and the cockswain received one through his hat which just grazed his head. Nine out of the twenty soldiers were either killed or woun-

*This was the first American ship ever built on the lake.

ded, and four of the sailors wounded—myself one of the number.

Our schooners were brought in range with the enemy's batteries at about ten o'clock—the fire lasted until three, when the English blew up the fort and retreated. The loss of the Americans in this conflict was much greater than that of the English. The explosion of the magazine filled the air in every direction with huge stones, which in falling made great havoc among the troops. The brave and gallant General Pike received a mortal wound from a stone which struck him on the breast—he survived until about eight o'clock in the evening, when he expired amid the cheering shouts of victory.

Soon after this disturbance at Little York, we were invited to attend a similar "*tea party*" at Fort George, which we captured on the 27th of May. There, as at Little York, the enemy finding resistance useless, spiked their guns, fired their magazine, and abandoned the place. We burnt all the public buildings, stores, &c. The loss of the Americans at this time was small, when compared to that of the British.

CHAPTER XIII.

Shortly after the battle at Fort George, Capt. Elliot was ordered with his detachment to Lake Erie, and I volunteered to go with him. We left Fort Niagara on the 3d of July, 1813, and proceeded by land to Schlosser, a little above

the Falls of Niagara, and from thence to Buffalo. There being no vessels to receive us, we proceeded up the Lake in open boats, and after a tedious and troublesome passage, arrived at Erie, a place pleasantly situated on the south side of Lake Erie. We sailed on the 29th of July for Put-in-Bay, at the head of Lake Erie. It would seem that it was Commodore Perry's intention to bring the enemy to a general engagement, and "settle the business" at once by a bold and decisive blow.

We lay in Put-in-Bay for some time, exercising ourselves by firing at a mark, and preparing our vessels in the best manner possible for the coming affray. On the fifth of September, the British fleet not making their appearance, we proceeded off Malden, to see what they were about. We found them preparing for the *fun* as well as ourselves. Their new ship Detroit appeared to be in great forwardness, and the rest of their squadron ready for sea. Some of our officers thought it best to engage them at once, before they were prepared. "No," said our brave and generous commander, "I will take no advantage of them, but wait until they get in readiness, and meet them fairly and openly on the lake. I feel the utmost confidence in my crew and officers, and know they can fight, and do believe that we can beat the enemy without taking any dishonorable advantage of them."

We returned to Put-in-Bay, and the second day, (Friday) was the memorable and ever to be remembered tenth of September, 1813. The sun rose in all his glory—but before it set, many a

brave tar on both sides was doomed to a watery grave, and many a jovial soul who had "led the merry dance on the light fantastic toe," the evening previous, never danced again—unless indeed we have our frolics after death.

The first intelligence we received of the approach of the enemy's squadron, was from the man at the mast head—"Sail ho!"—An officer of the deck replied, "where away?" "Off Rattlesnake Island." Before the officer had time to inquire what she looked like,—the man *bawled* out again—"Sail ho!—sail ho—six sail in sight sir." As if by instinct, every soul at once exclaimed—"The enemy is in sight."—All was bustle and hurry, but no confusion. The signal was made to weigh the anchors, which was done with surprising alacrity. We had sixty fathoms of cable out, and it was not more than fifteen minutes before we had our sails set and anchors up. The wind was ahead, and the enemy to the windward, but in fifteen minutes after we had got fairly under way, the wind shifted to the opposite point of compass, which brought us to the windward.

Commodore Perry ordered his flag to be hoisted. We knew this flag was on board, but none of us knew what the motto was, until it was unfurled to the breeze—when we discovered the dying words of the brave Lawrence—"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

This flag was eighteen feet long and nine broad—painted blue—the letters on it very large and white. When it was unfurled, the whole squadron gave three cheers. Every soul seemed animated by one feeling.

All were busy in getting every thing in the best possible order for the battle—the shot were got up from below—the guns well loaded and primed—and all was in complete readiness.—The drums beat to quarters, and every man repaired to his station. The words "Silence—stand to your quarters!" were given, and the signal to form a line. The wind was light, and our line was soon formed, when we bore down upon the enemy in perfect order, as follows:—

AMERICAN SQUADRON.

1. Lawrence, with	20	guns,	
2. Caledonia,	3	do.	
3. Niagara,	20	do.	
4. Somers,	2	do.	
5. Sloop Trip,	1	do.	
6. Scorpion,	2	do.	
7. Tigress,	1	do.	
8. Porcupine,	1.	do.	
9. Ariel,	3.	do.	
Total No. of guns,	53		

BRITISH SQUADRON.

10. Detroit,	19	do.	
11. Queen Charlotte,	19	do.	
12. Lady Provost,	14	do.	
13. Chippewa Schr.	1	do.	& 2 swivels.
14. Brig Hunter,	12	do.	
15. Sloop Little Belt,	1	do.	& 3 swivels.
Total,	66		5

There being only a light wind, we neared the

enemy very slowly, which gave us a little time for reflection. Such a scene as this, creates in one's mind feelings not easily described. The word "*silence*" was again given—we stood in awful impatience—not a word was spoken—not a sound heard, except now and then an order to trim a sail, and the boatswain's shrill whistle. It seemed like the awful silence that precedes an earthquake. This was a time to try the stoutest heart. My pulse beat quick—all nature seemed wrapped in awful suspense—the dart of death hung as it were trembling by a single hair, and no one knew on whose head it would fall. At length there was a gun fired from the Detroit, and the action commenced. A gentle zephyr had wafted us near the enemy, and then died away—and it seemed as if *old Boreas* had suspended all his operations to view the fight. Our all was at stake. America had never before had an opportunity since she became a nation, of meeting squadron to squadron.

No sooner had the first gun been fired from the Detroit, than they opened a tremendous fire from their whole line, of round, grape and canister shot. The Scorpion, Tigress and Aerial, having long guns, returned their fire with considerable effect. Our vessel (the Lawrence) carried 20 guns—ten on each side—eighteen thirty-two pound carronades, and two long nines. My comrades fell on all sides of me.—One man, who stood next to me, was most shockingly wounded—having both of his legs shot off, and a number of the spikes from the bulwark drove into his body. He was carried

below, and survived until he heard victory proclaimed—he then exclaimed, "I die in peace," and immediately expired.

The whole of the enemy's line kept up an incessant fire, and our impatience became almost insupportable, but our ever watchful Commodore knew what was best to be done, and ordered the long gun to be manned, and fired; it was done in an instant, and the shot reached the enemy.—We kept up a fire with it for a few minutes, when an order from our commander put every man in motion—"Stand by"—a second intervened—"Fire." I do not think there was more than a second's variation in the whole broad side—every gun seemed to speak at once.

I shall not attempt to give a perfect detail of every trivial transaction that took place after we began to fire; that would be supererogation. I paid particular attention to the gun which I had charge of, and loaded and fired as fast as possible, and at one time in a great hurry, shoved in a crowbar, and I found after the action was over that it did its duty on board the Detroit, by cutting away three shrouds of her main rigging.

At last my gun got so warm that it jumped entirely out of its carriage, which rendered it useless. Five of my men out of eight were either killed or wounded. I went to the next gun and found there but one man left, but by the assistance of my three she was soon made to play again. I could now only hear an occasional gun fired from our vessel. I looked up to see if our flag was still flying, and with pleasure

beheld, partly obscured by smoke, the star spangled banner yet waving, and heard Perry exclaim, "Man the boat."

I look ed along the deck, and such a sight at any other time would have made me shudder, but now in the height of action, I only thought to say to myself, "poor souls!" The deck was in a shocking predicament. Death had been very busy. It was one continued gore of blood and carnage—the dead and dying were strewed in every direction over it—for it was impossible to take the wounded below as fast as they fell.

There were four embarked in the small boat with Perry, and six remained on board the Lawrence. These ten were all that remained unhurt out of upwards of one hundred. There was one brave fellow by the name of Bird, who was mortally wounded, but refused to leave the deck as long as he could be of the least service.

On board the Niagara, to which vessel Perry went in the height of the battle, and through an incessant fire from the enemy, there was at this time but one killed and three wounded. Perry made the signal to close with the enemy—we made sail for that purpose, and were soon in close contact with the British, and the action was renewed with great vigor. The only words I recollect of hearing Perry say were—"Take good aim my boys, dont waste your shot."

The smoke was so dense that it was impossible to see the enemy—but we were so close to them, that by firing on a level we could not miss—their vessel being so much higher out of water than ours. The Lawrence struck her colors for a little time, and then hoisted them

I stooped down to get a shot, and accidentally put my hand on a small brass swivel, (it was nine inches long and would carry about a two pound ball;) it struck me in an instant that it would be a handsome presant for "John Bull"—so I rammed it into my gun and let it go—it was found after the action on board the Detroit.

[This circumstance gave rise to the following anecdote between Admiral Barclay and Commodore Perry:—"My fleet" said Barclay, "is yours—I am forced to surrender, but it is no disgrace to me—I have not dishonored my flag—I am overpowered—but you have not acted up to the laws of nations—there was a crowbar and small brass swivel fired firom your vessel on board of mine. Your men did not fight like *men*, but like *tigers*." "What can you expect," said Perry, "from a nation young in military tactics,—my men are all raw Yankees, and fire very carelessly—they do not care who they hit."]

The action raged with great fury on both sides for some time, when Perry, finding that our ammunition began to grow short, resolved to make one finishing blow. He ran down with the intention of boarding, but the Queen Charlotte had run afoul of the Detroit, which rendered her useless, as she could not fire at us without killing their own men—while our shot took effect in both of them. Our flag was once shot away, which produced three cheers from the enemy—but they were sadly mistaken—it was soon hoisted again. In short, after a bloody and well contested conflict of three hours and forty eight minutes, the undaunted Union of Great Britain come down.

[During the action a shot struck a man in the head, who was standing close by me; his brains flew so thick in my face, that I was for some time blinded, and for a few moments was at a loss to ascertain whether it was him or me that was killed.——We had peas boiling for dinner—our place for cooking was on deck, and during the action a shot had penetrated the boiler, and the peas were rolling all over the deck,—we had several pigs loose on deck, and I actually saw one of them eating peas that had both his hind legs shot off—and a little dog belonging to one of the officers, that was wounded, ran from one end of the vessel to the other, howling in the most dreadful manner.——A hardy old tar who acted in the station of "*Stopperman*," (when any of the rigging is partly shot away, they put a stopper on the place, to prevent it from going away entirely,) discovering our *main stay* partly shot away, jumped and began to put a *stopper* on, and while in the act, another shot cut the stay away below him, which let him swing with great force against the mast—He very gravely observed,—"Damn you, if you must have it, take it."——A shot from the enemy struck one of our guns, within a quarter of an inch of the calibre; little pieces of metal flew in every direction, and wounded almost every man at the piece. One man was filled full of little pieces of cast iron, from his knees to his chin, some not bigger than the head of a pin, and none larger than a buck shot; he, however recovered.]

The Sloop Little Belt attempted to make sail and steer for Malden—the Scorpion gave her chase, and, fired a "*long tom*" at her: the first

shot struck close to her stern—the next entered her starboard quarter, and went out at her larboard bow, and she surrendered. This made the victory complete. Not a soul escaped.

What a glorious day to my country—and how rejoiced was I to find the battle ended—victory our own, and myself safe, except a slight wound, and much deafened. I did not recover my proper hearing for a year afterwards. The British squadron surrendered to us in line, as follows:—Detroit, Queen Charlotte, Lady Provost, Hunter, Little Belt, Chippewa.

We took as many prisoners as we had men when we commenced the action: (Being in a private station, it was impossible for me to ascertain the exact number of the killed and wounded.) The English Commander's ship Detroit looked like a slaughter-house. General Harrison, who was within hearing, with his army, said, "For three hours it was nothing but one continued roar of cannon."

CHAPTER XIV.

After the battle on Lake Erie, three others and myself were embarked on board the schooner Chippewa, with orders from Com. Perry to make the best of our way to Put-in-Bay. The prisoners had been previously sent on board the Niagara. We arrived at Put-in-Bay in the evening; the next day about ten o'clock, the whole squadron, with three prizes, came into the

harbor. They were all in a shattered condition —the Lawrence in particular, could scarcely float. The masts of the British vessels were so much shattered that they fell the first breeze.

[As I am not writing a history of the war, I shall leave it to others to state what happened after the action, only as it regards myself.]

I was ordered to remain on board the Chippewa, as second in command. She ran between Put-in-Bay and Detroit as a packet.—We made several trips—the last trip we made, we had on board forty soldiers and their officers. We proceeded to an island called the "Middle Sisters." I saw from the appearance of the weather, that we were going to have a S. W. gale, and requested the captain to remain for a while, but he refused, and we made sail and proceeded to the entrance of Malden river, but the wind was so dead ahead, that we could not get into it, and we came to anchor about three miles to the northward. About daylight the next morning, there sprang up a severe gale, and every thing around seemed to bid us prepare for a shipwreck. We thought by running down to an island called "Point-au-Plait," we could there remain in safety—but on arriving, we found it impossible to run close enough to the island to enable us to get on shore, and our only alternative was to scud before the wind as long as we could find sea room. It blew almost a hurricane. I stood at the helm thirty hours—when I had become so fatigued—drenched with rain, and going without sleep—that I was compelled to give the helm to another, and take a little rest.

The violence of the waves had stove in our cabin windows, and we were obliged to stuff bed blankets in them to prevent the vessel from filling.

This was the third day of the gale, and I knew by the distance we had sailed, that we must be near the lower end of the lake. There was not a person on board that knew how to take the vessel over the rapids; consequently we concluded to come to anchor near the mouth of Buffalo creek, and remain until the next morning, and then get a pilot from the shore. We had only a small key anchor, weighing about 200 lbs. The gale had considerably abated, and so long as it should remain so, this anchor would be sufficient; and should it commence blowing with greater violence, before morning, we resolved to let her drag it until she should get below the reef, into the eddy, and then to land on Buffalo beach, which would be the means of saving all our lives, if not the vessel.

About twelve o'clock at night, the gale was renewed with greater violence than ever—the anchor, as we expected, did not hold ten minutes. As soon as the vessel began to drift, the Captain (who, by the bye, was more of an officer than a sailor,)was alarmed, and ordered the cable and mainmast to be cut. The latter would have endangered the lives of half on board, and the former would have run the vessel on Buffalo reef, where the sea was breaking higher than our masts-heads, and there would not have been, probably, a single soul saved.

In a moment I discovered our danger, and expostulated with the Captain; but it was in vain.

I knew my life, as well as those of all on board, was in iminent danger; and I saw no other alternative than to take the command myself. I represented our situation to the officers on board, who sanctioned my determination. I took a pistol in my hand, (which by the way was not loaded,) and threatened to shoot the first man who should disobey my orders. Wait, said I, a few moments, and you shall all get on shore without wetting your feet. "I shall report you for a mutineer," threatened the Captain. I cannot help it, I replied; my life is dear to me, and I wish to preserve the lives of others on board.—There was a paymaster on board who did not put confidence enough in me to pay attention to what I told him, and when the vessel began to strike heavy, was so much frightened that he jumped overboard—we never saw him again—he was the only person that was either lost or hurt. In a few minutes, the vessel was drove upon the beach, about a quarter of a mile below Buffalo creek, and we all landed safe on shore, and the next morning I went to Buffalo, where I remained until Com. Perry and Admiral Barclay came down from Erie.

At this place they partook of a public dinner, and I managed a field piece, and fired for the toasts. This was the last time I ever saw Com. Perry; he told me that in him I should always find a friend. I was soon afterwards sent on board the schooner Porcupine, which was ordered to Presqueisle, where we remained during the winter. The most of our crew re-entered for two years—took their advance pay, and spent it like jovial souls. This winter I was

"nicely" trapanned into a marriage. One night we had a sailor's dance, and "*blowed it out*" until nearly morning. We were in high glee, and all care was forgotten around the flowing bowl. I thought there was something yet wanting to complete our mirth, and proposed a wedding. I stood as priest and married two couple—then came my turn. There was an old man sitting by the fire smoking his pipe, and I asked him to marry me,—he drew a book from his pocket, and went through with the ceremony in due form, and this being the *finale* of the evening's performance, we soon dispersed. The next morning I saw the old man at the commissary's office, when he very politely handed me a certificate of marriage!—He was a justice of the peace, and I had been lawfully married * * * * * * * * * *! I was thunder-struck—at first I could not believe it, but so it proved to be, and I was obliged to make the best of a "bad bargain."

In the spring I joined the schooner Scorpion, commanded by Lieutenant Turner, and sailed for lake Huron. We waited in Detroit until the squadron arrived, and then proceeded to Michillimackinac. We anchored before the town, where we lay several days, and then disembarked, and after a destructive engagement of nearly two hours, we were compelled to retreat, with the loss of many of our brave fellows—and among the rest, the valiant Major Croaghn.

Soon after this, we captured the schooner Nancy, which the enemy had hauled up a river—taken their guns on shore—built a block house, and were determined to defend themselves to

the last. We however played upon them so warmly with our guns, that they set fire to the schooner, blew up the block house, and retreated. The English now had no vessel on this lake.

We proceeded up the river St. Marys, and took a town of the same name, on lake Superior. The squadron sailed for Erie, and left the Tigress and Scorpion on this lake to intercept the fur traders. The English were not so simple as to let two small vessels rule this lake, but took advantage of this blunder of our commander, to be revenged for the loss of their navy. We remained together on this lake for some time, and several times narrowly escaped shipwreck. One day we were separated for some hours, but came in sight again about sundown. We were about ten miles distant from each other, and the wind being light, both vessels came to anchor.

About nine o'clock in the evening, there came up a very severe thunder storm, and in the midst of it we thought we heard guns. The next morning the Tigress sailed—hoisted the American flag, and was standing down for us. Something told me that all was not right. I communicated my suspicions to the rest of the crew, and they only laughed at me. They said "the English have no vessels on this lake, and what have we to fear?" While we were discussing the subject, the Tigress having got across our bow, fired a twenty-four pounder, and immediately boarded us with twenty soldiers, twelve sailors, and about one hundred Indians. We were all taken prisoners without firing a gun.

The enemy had previously taken the Tigress,

after a short but bloody conflict, in which Capt. Champlain was badly wounded, and out of twenty men, nine were either killed or wounded.

We were taken to Michillimackinac, and confined in the fort. [We here learnt the fate of some of those who fell into the hands of the Indians at the time we attacked this place. They scalped six who had fallen mortally wounded, and inhumanly butchered a surgeon who had been left on the field as dead; they took him, while the vital spark was yet visible, cut off both his hands, fastened them on sticks, and stuck them up at each end of the grave of an Indian chief who had been killed during the engagement.]

My old Irish wife, at this time, I found to be of great service to me. The commander of the garrison was an Irishman, and had been acquainted with her connexions in Ireland. Through their intimacy, I received many favors, and a great deal of indulgence.

We remained at Michillimackinac, a short time and were then embarked on board the Scorpion and sent across lake Huron, and from thence to lake Simcoe, which we crossed. This brought us within about a hundred miles of Little York, which distance we were compelled to travel. I entered little York this time with far different feelings from what I did two years previous—then I marched in victorious to the tune of Yankee Doodle, but now I was a prisoner of war.

At Little York our company was augmented by several men who had been taken in different engagements. We started for Kingston by

land. They chose not to send us by water, they said, for fear of our *Yankee tricks.* There were sixty of us. We were guarded by Indians and soldiers, who were relieved every two hours. We travelled on until we came to Lyon's tavern, 90 miles from Little York, where there was an officer at sick quarters, and he offered my *wife* great wages if she would stay and take care of him. I persuaded her to stop, and she, being almost worn out, after considerable hesitation, consented—and I inwardly rejoiced. The officer gave me ten dollars, and I bid farewell to "*Poor Poll*," and I have never seen her since.

The next morning we proceeded on our journey, and soon came to the lake shore. The sight of lake Ontario brought to my mind the value of liberty, and from that time my whole study was how to gain it. I thought if I could get a few good trusty companions and a boat, we might easily evade the vigilance of our guard and cross the lake. I soon got five to join me. We travelled several days, until we came near Forty Mile Point—forty miles from Kingston. Here the lake was not very wide, and we resolved to put our plan into execution the first opportunity.

One day, about three o'clock, we saw two canoes on the beach. We stopped about two miles from this place to remain during the night —we were all put in a barn. As soon as every thing was quiet, we pushed off a board from the back side of the barn—crept slily out, and proceeded to the guard house—the guard were all asleep—we entered—equipped ourselves with

light arms, and started for the place where we had seen the canoes, where we arrived about sunrise; but to our great mortification, the canoes were gone!

What was now to be done, we did not know; but after a short deliberation, we came to the conclusion that it was best for one of us to go to a house near by and purchase some provisions, and then task our wits for a plan to effect our escape. I was selected to go for the provisions. I found no one at the house except an elderly lady and a young girl. I asked them if they would sell me a little pork and bread? The old lady, after eying me for a while, with a very stern countenance, replied—"No—you get no bread nor ment here—get out of the house in an instant, or we will put you out; you are one of those Yankees that went past here the other day, and you have deserted from your guard."—Dont be quite so fast, old lady, I replied. I wanted your provisions, and was willing to pay you your price for them; but since you are so unaccommodating and abusive, I *will* have some if there are any in your house, and damn the cent will you get for them! I drew a pistol from my bosom, and ordered them to produce me something to eat, in an instant. The old lady screamed, and the girl begged that I would spare her life. Do not be alarmed, said I, for your lives—I do not fight with women—but necessity, and your rude behavior, compel me to use rough means. "For God's sake," said the old lady, "dont murder us, and you shall have any thing there is in the house." You are unacquainted, my good lady, said I, with the character of an A-

merican seaman. I am sorry I have been so impolite. If you can let me have some provisions, without distressing your family, you will much oblige me, but if not, I shall take my leave. "I believe," said the old lady, "I have a wrong idea about the Americans—I am right from England, and have been taught to consider them as an inhuman and rebellious set of savages—but, although you have frightened me almost out of my senses, I must confess, that I see nothing very *savage* in your appearance. Are you alone?" No madam, I have some companions on the Lake shore, and wish to purchase a canoe to cross the Lake in, for which I will pay almost any price. "My husband," said she, "has gone up the Lake, to a small island, on which we keep our hogs—he will return about sun down, and perhaps he will sell you one." She went into an adjoining room, and in a few moments, returned with about ten pounds of pork and a large loaf of bread—for which I gave her two dollars.

I returned to my ship-mates, related to them my rencounter with the ladies, and we had a hearty laugh over a dinner of raw pork and bread—which a good appetite rendered very delicious and palatable.

We waited very impatiently for the return of the old gentleman with his canoes. It was our intention, if we could not purchase one, to get it some other way, but our plan was entirely frustrated. On the return of the owner, we found he had six men with him well armed.

We however proceeded to the house for the purpose of purchasing one of the canoes. I

knocked, and the old man came to the door. I asked him if he would sell one of his boats. He said he could not, for it would subject him to a fine and imprisonment as a traitor. He wished us well, and said he was no enemy to the American government. He gave us each a drink of whiskey, and we parted in friendship; but had not his force been rather too large, we should not have come to so amicable an arrangement.

We travelled on about one mile, and took lodgings in the woods. I never slept sounder in my life than I did this night, with a stone for a pillow, and the heavens for a covering. In the morning, we proceeded along the lake shore, about eight miles, when our forebodings were for a moment dispelled by the discovery of a small skiff lying on the beach. On examining it, however, we found it would carry only three of us. We drew cuts to determine which three should remain and trust to fortune for another chance. I was one of the unfortunate three whose lot it was to remain. We divided our provisions with those who were to sail—assisted them to launch their skiff—wished them a pleasant voyage—and they pulled for the opposite shore.

My two companions and myself travelled along the beach about two miles, when we found another skiff, large enough to carry us all; but we dared not take it, for the house stood not more than 100 yards from the spot, and besides, there were two men chopping close by. We concluded to secrete ourselves until they were all snug in bed—then to take the boat and make off as fast as possible.

Towards evening the two choppers took the boat and rowed it away; but to our great joy, they soon returned. They hauled their boat a little out of water, and left. We waited with the greatest impatience for sundown—at length the wished-for hour arrived—all was clear in the western horizon, which foretold a pleasant day on the morrow. At about half past nine, every thing being still and quiet, with cautious steps we approached the boat, but found neither oar nor paddle. We went up to the house to search for them. I found the back door partly open.—I told my two companions to stand by it while I entered, and if I met with any difficulty to come to my assistance. I groped about for some time without meeting any one—at length I came to the cupboard, where I dabbed my hands into several pans of milk—then thrust them into a bowl of butter, which I carried to my companions, and then returned in search of something else. I found a large loaf of bread, a piece of pork and some cabbage, all of which came very *appropos*, as we had eaten nothing but raw meat for the last three days. I strolled about in the dark until I came to a door. I pushed it, and it opened into a room where there sat a man at a small table, reading. He turned round, and you may judge of his surprise at seeing a visitor at that time of night. I did not give him much time for reflection, before I presented him my pistol, and in a low tone of voice, politely informed him that if he spoke a word above his breath, he was a dead man. I am no highway-man, said I, nor midnight assassin, but an American seaman—and I wish you to in-

form me as expeditiously as possible, where I can find the oars belonging to the boat lying on the beach; you have no occasion to make a reply —proceed towards them, and I will follow you; but remember the injunction of silence, and that you must walk softly; the folks are asleep, and I do not wish to disturb them. He obeyed with as much correctness as if he had been brought up to it from infancy, and I was almost led to believe that he was actually dumb. He stepped into an adjoining room and got me two oars and a paddle. Now, my friend, said I, I am under the disagreeable necessity of making a prisoner of you until I am fairly afloat, and then you can have your liberty again. We proceeded to the skiff, and he helped get it afloat—we jumped in and shoved off, and he went his way.

We were so much elated with the success of this enterprise, that we gave three cheers.—We heard some one on shore call out, "bring back that skiff"—but said I, you are too late.

We arrived at Forty Mile Point just before day light—we landed, and slept until day-break, and then proceeded on our voyage.

This morning appeared the most beautiful of any I ever saw—the sun rose in all his splendor—all was calm, and every thing seemed to favor us. By night, we expected to arrive at Sackett's Harbor, and once more taste the sweets of liberty.

We pulled out with the intention of going down the lake until it became narrower, and then strike across, but we had not been out more

than one hour, when there sprang up a strong breeze "right in our teeth."

In a few moments, we saw three sail of vessel; we could not tell whether they were English or our own; if the latter, all was well, but if the former, we knew our case was a dangerous one.

The waves began to roll very high, and our boat being small, she had taken a great deal of water, and it was almost impossible to keep her afloat. The wind increased every moment, and to proceed was no longer practicable, and we, though very reluctantly, bore away for the Canada shore. We landed, after a great deal of trouble, about two miles from where we started in the morning. We thought to remain here until the gale was over, and then try it again.—We went to a rise of ground not far distant, to ascertain what vessels those were we had previously seen, and while sitting there, contemplating the scene before us, we were all at once surrounded by eight armed men—they told us to consider ourselves prisoners—and deliver up our arms. Our hopes of further happiness were now in an instant all blasted. We were escorted to Kingston, where we found the rest of our company; they had been taken three days before by the same gang. We six were arraigned before the great General Provost, to receive our sentence. The first words he said were—"You are a fine set of dam'd rascals, to run away from the guard—rob the inhabitants, and endeavor to get on board some dam'd Yankee frigate—what have you to say for yourselves?"

The rest did not appear inclined to make any reply, and I answered as follows:—

Sir, said I, I considered it a duty I owed my country, to elude your vigilance and get back to it if possible; and as to robbery, you accuse us wrongfully—we offered the inhabitants money for all we took.

"Well," said he, "if I let you go unpunished, will you attempt the like again?" I certainly shall, said I, if an opportunity presents. "A d——d brave fellow," said he, "but we shall watch you for the future, and if you get an 'opportunity' you may go."

An officer took my name, and then dismissed us. The next day we were to be sent down the river St. Lawrence. In the morning, an officer came and told me to remain until the last. After the rest had all embarked in their respective boats, he put a pair of hand-cuffs on me, and then told me to "run away if I could." This I thought *mean* spite. The next day, however, I got them off and threw them overboard, but they soon found another pair, and I was kept in irons until I arrived at Montreal. We proceeded to Quebec, where we remained about three weeks.

We were then embarked on board a small transport brig, and sent to the mouth of the river, where a frigate waited to convoy twelve sail to England.

I was determined to make another trial for liberty. My plan was to take the brig, and bring her to anchor in the river—wait until the fleet had sailed, and then make our escape.—This could be very easily done, for there were

thirty-two prisoners, and only eight belonged on board the brig—including captain and mate. I communicated this plan to my comrades, and they all agrred to it. There being no one that understood navigation but myself, I was chosen captain. We waited with patience until night —all were below except myself and one other, and he was intoxicated. Notwithstanding my cautioning him, from time to time, he continually kept asking me what course I intended to steer when we were out of the river. He was overheard by the crew of the brig—they immediately informed the captain of our plan, and the first I knew, he, together with his whole crew, were well armed, and we were forced below, and the hatches secured. The captain hoisted his flag, union down, as a signal of distress, and fired minute guns until we arrived at the fleet. Thus was our plan defeated by the foolishness of a debauchee. We were put on board an English ship, and shortly afterwards sailed under convoy for England. After a passage of forty-four days, we arrived at Spithead, and were sent on board the prison ship. The next day, while walking the deck, I discovered a little boy at play, about six years old. I took him in my arms, and asked him his name. "David Bunnell," said he. My blood chilled at this answer. Where is your father? inquired I. "He is a great way off in America—I dont know but he is dead." Where is your mother? "She is just out there." Come with me, my boy, said I, I wish to see her. He took me by the hand and led me to where she was, and behold, I recognised my old friend——the London land-

lady's daughter. On beholding me, she exclaimed—"In the name of heaven, David, is that you?" Then turning to her child, she said—"My dear ooy, this is your father." I learned form her that she had been married about eighteen months to a quarter master.

One day, while I was sitting in the quarter master's berth, there came in a boy and informed him that Lieutenant Diggins wished to see him. After he had gone, I inquired of his wife what Diggins it was. She told me that he had just arrived from the West Indies with his wife, and had been attached to this ship. He was the husband of *Eliza Berton!* I wrote a note to his wife, and a few days afterwards, he being absent, she sent for me to come and see her.—I went, and had a long chat with her about old times. I returned to my apartment, and the next day, we were put on board the ship Argo, for the purpose of being sent to Plymouth, and from thence to Darmooor Prison. There were one hundred and ten of us—principally sailors. We sailed from Plymouth, December 23, 1814. One night we got into a high *spree*, and resolved to keep it up until day light. At ten o'clock we were ordered to put out our lights—we refused. The sentinel was then commanded to enforce the order. He attempted it, and one of the prisoners gave him a blow under the ear, which brought him to the deck, but he soon recovered, and gave the alarm that the prisoners were in a state of munity, and in a few minutes the whole guard was in readiness, with orders to put us all in the lower hold—They came below and worked until daylight,

and did not get more than two thirds of us down, and those like to have blown up the ship. We dug through the ballast, and tore down the bulk head, which admitted us into their store room, where we found two or three tierces of old cider in bottles. We broke the necks off, drank the cider, and threw the bottles among the water casks. We also found a large box of silver plate.

At daylight, two of the prisoners had penetrated to the magazine, and in one hour more they would have blown up the ship. We were at last all compelled to go on the quarter deck, and officers were sent below to ascertain the damage we had done. This box of plate belonged to an Admiral who had died in the West Indies, and it was under the captain's charge to deliver to his family, and as soon as it was reported to him that considerable of it was missing, he ordered us all to be searched.

There was a black man who had his legs completely covered with silver spoons, lashed on with rope yarns. Two, notwithstanding the strict search, got off with their prize. One had a silver tea pot flatted, and bound under his arm, with a rope yarn. Another had a dirk about eight inches long—the blade was of the most beautiful polished steel, and the handle and scabbard were of burnished gold—it could not have been worth less than seventy or eighty dollars—he afterwards sold it for twenty.

We arrived at Plymouth about eight o'clock in the morning, and by ten were on our march for Dartmoor prison about fifteen miles distant. I could not but laugh while passing

through the town of Plymouth—the doors and windows of every house were fiilled with anxious eyes to see the Yankees. There stood in one door a lady and three or four children, and I heard one of them make the following innocent remark :—"Why ma, they talk just as we do—I can understand every thing they say."

We proceeded to the "half way house," where there is a small village, and stopped to take a little rest. Having a shilling in my pocket, I requested the captain to allow me to go into the tavern and get a drink of beer—he consented, but sent a soldier with me. I called for two pots of beer. The landlord looked at me very sharp for a few moments, and then asked me if I would not like something to eat. I told him I should, but that I had no more money than would pay for our beer. "Never mind," said he, "step into the other room"—we obeyed, and in a few minutes he came in with bread, cheese, ham, brandy, beer, &c. which he sat on the table, and told us to partake in welcome.—He left the room, and pretty soon came back, bringing his wife and two little children. "There," said he to his wife, "is the man who saved my life in the West Indies"—Then addressing himself to me, said—"Do you not know me? I am the man, had it not been for your bounty and goodness, who would have perished on the Island of St. Martins. I have since been fortunate, and now own this tavern, and am doing very well. I shall never forget your goodness to me," continued he, "and while you are in prison, if I can assist you by sending you provisions, or in any other way, just send to me,

and it shall be done." By the time I had rehearsed to him my misfortunes at St. Martins, we were summoned to march. He gave me a two pound note, and we shook hands and parted.

About sun down we arrived at the prison.—As we entered, each received a small cattail matrass, a hammock, and two small blankets.—We were conducted to prison No. 7. There are three yards which contain seven prisons.—No. 1, 2, & 3, in the first; No. 4 by itself—which is wholly occupied by the blacks; and No 5, 6, and 7, in the third. Our allowance of provisions was barely enough to keep us alive.—There were a number of occupations in which a man might earn from three to six cents a day, and this, added to our regular rations, made us very comfortable. There were schools from A. B. C. to the arts and sciences. Boxing, Dancing and music, were taught in different places. Drawing, Sculpture, and Ship building, were also taught.

There were, at the time I was there, six thousand seven hundred and twenty-two prisoners—A great number of them died however, with a disease similar to the small Pox. Their suffering was most violent, and when dead they would be one complete ulcerated sore, from head to foot. There was a hospital attached to the prison, which was attended by a very humane surgeon. The prisoners almost worshipped him. Each prison was a separate government—had its code of laws, and was governed by a committee, with a President at its head. We had our lawyers and constables, and every

one of the committee acted in the capacity of a justice of the peace, and was authorized to take cognizance of complaints, and if the crime was worthy of a trial, it was reported to the whole, who sat as judges. If any one was proved guilty of stealing, swindling, cheating or defrauding his fellow by selling his goods too dear, he was flogged.

There was a regular profit allowed on every thing that was sold, and if any one was found to deviate from it, his goods were confiscated.

We were allowed six shillings and eight pence per month, by government, which was paid by an agent, who supplied us with necessary clothing. His name was Beesley, and resided in London. He neglected his duty and appropriated a great part of the prisoner's money to his own use, for which we tried him in effigy. The trial lasted five days. The jury found him guilty, and he was condemned to be hung, and body burned. This sentence was put in execution with great formality. He was followed to the place of execution by all the prisoners, with forty instruments of music, playing the death march. One man in the garb of a mininter, made his dying speech and confession. He advised consuls and agents for government, to profit by his untimely fate, and never to betray the trust imposed in them. The drop fell, and we let the effigy hang about fifteen minutes, then took it down and put it on a pile of faggots and set fire to them. The English officers and soldiers witnessed the whole transaction.

I have heard a great many erroneous accounts given of the affair which took place in the prison

on the sixth of April, 1815, and being an eye witness, I will give a detail of the whole.

We frequently used to play a game of ball, and our ball would occcasionlly be knocked over the wall, and the sentinel would throw it back; but this day there was a surly fellow on post, and he refused to do it, and we resolved to have it. Some with old spikes, and others with knives, commenced digging a hole through the wall.—The first that caused the sentinel to mistrust any thing, was the appearance of two or three of the prisoners near by him, looking for the ball. The moment he saw them, he dropped his musket, and ran and gave the alarm that the prisoners were breaking out. Capt. Shortland, on receiving this intelligence, ordered his troops to fire at us. The prison walls were so situated that they could fire from every point of compass at once. The prisoners were standing close together in each yard. They fired several volleys, and we rushed for our prisons, and being in such a crowd, had they fired low, they would have killed a great number, but the soldiers, being more humane than their tyrannical commander, fired high for the express purpose of missing us. There was an inquiry made into the affair, and the captain was severely reprimanded, but this did not bring the dead to life, nor provide for the support of their wives and children.

I was imprisoned December 25, 1814, and we received the news of peace, January 1, 1815.—The next morning at sunrise, the American flag was hoisted on every prison, where they remained until sundown.

The first that were imprisoned were the first to be released. They commenced liberating the prisoners in March, but I being nearly the last imprisoned, did not get out until the third of July. Immediately after my release, I started for Plymouth, and called on my old friend, but could not stay long, for we were as strictly guarded on our return from the prison as we were when we went. About sundown, July 4, we embarked on board the ship Lord Forbes, and sailed for the U. S. I bade adieu to England this time with as much joy as I did when I ran-away from there in 1812.

We arrived in Boston on the 28th day of July, 1815, and the next morning were all landed.—I took a boarding house and resolved to enjoy myself. I purchased some "new clothes," and "fitted myself out in style."

I had been on shore but a few days, when I became warmly attached to a very respectable young lady, and got her consent to marry me; but we put off our nuptials until I could visit my mother, who I had learned lived in the western part of New-York. Accordingly, after having received my wages and prize money, which amounted to a very *comfortable* sum, I took a packet for New-York. The second day after we sailed we met with a severe accident. Our vessel had considerable loading on deck which made her rather top heavy. There was a schooner sailing in company with us, and the captains were in a strife to see which could out sail. I saw a heavy squall rising to the windward, and told the captain that he had better be outsailed than to run the risk of being capsized.

"I am master of my own vessel," said he, "and know what is best to be done." All I could say proved ineffectual. He "carried sail," and swore the other vessel should not beat him.—The squall struck us with great force, and I ran to cut the fore sheet, which would have let the fore-sail fly, and probably have been the means of saving the vessel, but I was too late—she capsized in a moment, and her cargo being lime, plaster of Paris, &c. she sank like a stone. The other vessel was not to exceed half a mile distant, and she soon came to our relief. While in the water I stripped off all my clothes, to enable me to swim, and was picked up naked after having almost despaired of life. The captain was the only person drowned. I had now lost all that I was worth in the world, and resolved not to visit my mother until I could go with money in my pockets. The vessel that picked us up was bound to New-York. We soon met one bound to Boston, and I requested to be put on board of her. My request was complied with, and I arrived in Boston after an absence of four days. I visited her to whom I was betrothed, and finding her affections unchanged, though fortune had stripped me of every thing, I married her without hesitation.

A few weeks after this, I shipped on board the Canton, and sailed for China. Nothing extraordinary happened during our passage. We touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence made Java Head, through the straights of Sunda, and arrived, after a short and pleasant passage, at Wampu, all safe.

I can give but a slight description of this coun-

try, as I was not often allowed to go on shore. I was in Canton but once. The Tartars live afloat—i. e. they have large boats housed over, and moored in the rivers, in which they reside, and support themselves by fishing, washing &c.

I have often heard the Chinese women extolled for beauty; perhaps *my* ideas of beauty are wild—but I could see none. They have fair faces it is true, but they have short chins, and appear "all in a heap." Their feet are so very small that one would think it impossible for them to walk at all. This is done by having their feet confined in an iron shoe when young.

The women are generally carried on the shoulders of four men, in a sedan chair. This mode of travelling is very cheap; you can hire them to carry you all day for one dollar, and for a shilling a boy will attend you with an umbrella, and for the same price another will fan you.

They have a species of money which takes three hundred pieces to make a dollar. It is silver, and so thin, that you can blow it away.

The mechanics have a peculiar nack for imitating any thing you want made. The chief mate sent on shore to get a dozen pair of pantaloons made—six of Canton crape and six of silk. He sent a pair for a pattern which had had a small hole in the knee, but had been *darned.* When his new ones came, every one of them was just the same, to a tittle. They bury their dead at low water mark, and it is not unfrequent to see a corpse floating about the river—almost every day the water washed them out of the ground.

We took in a cargo of tea, silks, nankins,

pepper, cinnamon, cloves, spice, &c. and sailed for home. We arrived at Boston, without meeting with any accident of importance.

On reaching my family, I found an addition to it of a lovely daughter. This, if possible, made home appear more dear to me than ever—for the smiles of the young and innocent are always enticing. I stayed at home two months, during which time I enjoyed all the happiness possible for one to enjoy in this world of trouble, vexation and disappointment.

CHAPTER XV.

I shipped on board the U. S. Ship Macedonia, Capt. Dauns, and sailed, December, 1816, on a cruise to the Spanish Main, to relieve some Americans who had been taken by the Spaniards. We went to St. Martha, from thence to Carthagena, Havannah and Howe, and arrived at Annapolis, in the Chesapeake Bay. From here we were ordered to Boston. Our term of service not having expired, we were transferred to the U. S. Congress, Capt. Morris—our destination was the New Orleans station. There were some repairs to be made to the ship, previous to sailing, and I got permission to visit my wife and daughter. We soon sailed, and cruised off New-Orleas fourteen months, when we were ordered to the West Indies. We first went to Port-au-Prince, where we remained about a week, and then sailed for Cape Francis.

This place was under a monarchical government—King Christophe was on the black throne. From thence we sailed to the Island of Margaret, near the Spanish Main. This island we found in a state of rebellion. The inhabitants were determined to throw off the Spanish yoke, and had declared themselves independent. The day we arrived, we witnessed an engagement, a short distance from the town. The Patriots gained the victory, and put nearly all the Royalists to the sword. Tne next day I viewed the battle ground, and a horribie sight it was.

We sailed from here to Cumana. We had on board Mr Septimas Tyler, as Envoy to demand all Americans that might be imprisoned by the Spanish authorities.

Cumana is a beautiful harbor, on the Spanish Main, about one hundred miles from the Island of Trinidad. The place was under the Royalists, and Gen. Marillo commanded the Royal forces. The town is in two parts, separated by a beautiful river, over which there is a stone bridge of most elegant workmanship.

We next sailed for Barcelona. This town is handsomely situated, about eight miles from the sea, and had been taken and retaken two or three times, alternately by the Patriots and Royalists, which proved very destructive to the poor inhabitants; both parties would levy contributions on the place, and when we were there the inhabitants were in a suffering condition for the necessaries of life. Flour could not be purchased short of sixty dollars per barrel, and every thing else was in proportion. The Patriots were masters, but their force was small, and they

intended to evacuate on the approach of General Merillo, who had previously taken the place. He drew his prisoners up in a line, on a plain, a short distance off, and selected every fifth, and ordered him shot—thus he killed not far from six hundred, for attempting to be FREE.

We sailed from this place to Laguira, and from thence to Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Tyler was taken sick the day we sailed, and died the third day of his illness. We buried him in a coffin bored full of holes, with a weight in the foot to sink it. This is the mode of burying an officer, but when a sailor dies, he is sewed up in a hammock, and thrown overboard, and swallowed by the sharks. They are so ravenous, that if a person is sick on board, they will frequently follow the vessel for miles.

We all expected to be discharged at Norfolk, but we were sadly disappointed; the ship was ordered to the river Plata, with Mr. Rodney, minister to the Chilian government, to take out the acknowledgment of their independence. Capt. Morris left the ship, and was superseded by Arthur Sinclair, who took the command of lake Erie after Perry left it. We sailed, bound for the coast of Brazil. We arrived at Montevideo, in Rio de la Plata, and Mr. Rodney went to Bonsecours, and from thence to Valparaiso, in Chili, by land. We remained until we received despatches from him, and then sailed for Riojaneiro, where we arrived on the sixth of March, 1817, the day Don Pedro the first was crowned emperor of Brazil. He was married the same day to the Princess of Austria. They had great rejoicings and illuminations for three days in suc-

cession. It was the most beautiful sight that can be imagined, to see, even in the day time, so large a city, and standing so picturesque, completely illuminated—and at night it was beyond the reach of imagination. The shipping belonging to government was also illuminated by night, and dressed most elegantly with flags in the day time. There were not less than a thousand guns fired per day for three days in succession.

We sailed from this place to St. Salvadore, and from thence to the West Indies. We touched at the island of Margaretta, and from thence proceeded to Norfolk. We were here discharged and payed off. I took the packet for Philadelphia, and from thence to Boston, where I arrived, October, 1817—and was overjoyed at meeting my wife and daughter, after an absence of two years.

CHAPTER XVI.

November 20, 1817, I shipped on board the frigate Macedonian, Captain John Dawns, bound for the Pacific ocean. I bade my wife and daughter farewell, but little did I then think it was an eternal farewell; but so it proved.

On the 26th and 27th, we experienced a very severe gale. At ten o'clock, A. M. (on the 26th,) we had all sail set, with a fair wind, but the breeze soon began to freshen. At eleven, we took in all the light sails, and braced up the yards close by the wind. At twelve the ship

would no longer stay her course. All hands were called to shorten sail, and we took in top-gallant sails and flying jib. At five o'clock, all were again called to shorten sail—we double-reefed the topsails, and single reefed the coursers.

At sundown it commenced raining very hard and blew a hurricane. The bright and flaming flashes of lightning flew in such quick succession, that it seemed as if the whole ocean at times was in a blaze.

At ten at night the rain abated, but the sea ran high, and the vessel labored very much—having no sail to steady her. At length we succeeded in getting a main and fore storm stay sail set.—It was very dark, and the vessel rolled so heavy that it was impossible for a person to stand up without holding fast to something. Sometimes a man would "fetch way" and fall to the sea side of the vessel with great force—several had their arms broken during the night. The wind increased, and we expected every minute that our masts would all go by the board. The fore and mizen storm stay sails were split to pieces, and we had no sail to assist in keeping the ship's head towards the sea. She fell off in the trough of the sea, which is the most dangerous situation a ship can be in. At length the dismal cry was heard—"The main mast is sprung." We then cut our top mast away—it fell over our lee with a dreadful crash. The foretopmast and jib-boom were also gone, and we lay a miserable and unmanageble wreck. The sea was making a fair breach over us—at every surge it was as much as we could do to keep

from being washed overboard, but at "length the wished-for morning broke through the hazy sky."

As the sun rose the gale in a measure abated. It seemed as if old Boreas and his associates had been taking a complete night's carousal, and like many mortals, turned night into day, and day into night.

The sea still rolled so high that it was impossible to do any thing towards repairing our damage. We rigged our jury masts, and ran into Norfolk.

We fitted and sailed November 9, and proceeded directly for Cape Horn. We passed the southern extremity of America, January 8, 1818, and arrived at Valparaiso, coast of Chili, on the 28th. While we lay here the Patriot fleet under the command of Lord Cochrane, sailed, destined to blockade the port of Callao, the sea port town of Lima, in Peru. He said that the blockade would be so vigorously carried on that we would not be able to get into port; but Capt. Dawns resolved to enter either by fair means or by force.

We sailed and arrived off Callao with every thing in order for an action; but his Lordship did not think proper to interrupt us.

We anchored in the harbor, fired a salute, and were answered from the fort, by the Spaniards. The next night Cochrane came into harbor and cut out the Spanish frigate Emerald, of 44 guns, and five hundred men.

There were upwards of a hundred merchant vessels lying in the harbor, belonging to different nations—and the Spaniards mistrusted

we had assisted the Patriots in taking their frigate, and they commenced firing promiscuously among the vessels, and compelled them all to cut or slip their cables, and proceed out of the harbor.

The next morning they massacred every American that was on shore at Callao. We sent a boat on shore as usual, to market, and they fired upon her, and killed all but three, and those were badly wounded—one of them died soon after we got him on board. Our captain, together with several of the English officers, were at Lima at this time, and they were obliged to make their escape in disguise.

We sailed from here to St. Blas, on the coast of Mexico, and then to Acapulco, and from thence to Valparaiso, about three thousand miles distant, where we arrived the fortieth day of our voyage, in a miserable and half-starved condition.

We cruised around the coast of Chili, Peru, and California, two years, and then were released by the U. S. Frigate Constellation, Capt. George G. Ridgely.

I was informed by a man on board the Constellation, that he had been at my house, but could see nor hear nothing of my wife nor child. This rather surprised me, and I thought if they were no more, (which I conjectured was the case,) I would continue on this coast the remainder of my life. Accordingly I volunteered to reman on board the Constellation, bidding farewell to my shipmates on the Macedonian.—Each crew gave three cheers—and they sailed for the United States, and we steered for Co-

quimbo, and from thence to Masafuero, having been informed by a small sloop that passed the island, that there were some men on it, who waived to them, but the surf ran so high that they could not take them off, they having no boat fit to land.

This island is high and rocky, and it is impossible to land at particular times of the year, and dangerous at all times.

We ran down along the shore, and fired several guns, and on the N. W. side of the island, the only place that it is possible to land, we found four men who had been left there for the purpose of sealing, by the ship Hester of Boston. They had provisions and ammunition left them sufficient for three months, during which time the ship was to return for them. They had been there nine months, and had seen no vessel except the sloop before mentioned. They had subsisted for the last six months on goats, seals' livers, birds, eggs, &c. They were clothed in seal skins—and had a large quantity of them dried, which our purser purchased.—Some of them, after picking the hair out, had the most beautiful fur on I ever saw. Water was pleanty and fell from the rocks in beautiful murmuring cascades—proceeding from a small lake on the very top of the rocks, the source of which was supposed to be boiling springs.—Rats of a very large size were there in great abundance, and these men told us that they had, when scarce of goat meat, frequently eaten them.

We took the four men on board and proceeded to the island of Juan Fernandes, the place

that gave rise to the celebrated romance of Robinson Crusoe; but it has but little of the appearance of the place described by De Foe—though I suppose he formed an island in his own imagination, to cheat poor Alexander Selkirk out of his title to the emolument arising from his sufferings on this island. There is nothing that man or beast needs for support, but what grows on this island spontaneously except wheat. Potatoes, turnips, cabbage, &c. grow in great abundance. Wild horses, cattle, goats, hogs, &c. were very plenty. Wild fouls were very numerous, and of almost every description, and being seldom disturbed by man, are easily caught. Fish of almost every kind are also in great abundance. I have caught enough in one hour, with a hook and piece of red flannel, for ten men's breakfasts. We remained here some days, and then sailed for Valparaiso, and from thence to Coquimbo. As nothing remarkable happened while I was in this ship, I shall not detail our sailings and arrivals at all the different places; but suffice it to say, we touched at almost every port, from Conception on the coast of Chili, lat. 37, S. to St. Blas, lat. 21, N.—including Chili, Peru, Mexico, and the port of California. At Arica, in Peru, lat. 18, S. it is never known to rain, yet the heavy dews at night make vegetation prolific. We could get a bushel of potatoes for eight cents; grapes and fruit of every description were also very cheap. We sailed from here to the port of Panama, at the isthmus of Darien, and from thence to the island of Puna. Oysters are taken here in great abundance, and

what is very singular, there are none on any other part of the coast. The inhabitants sell beef by the yard—it is taken from the bones, and cut up in strips of about two inches in size, and measured by a yard stick. They ask one cent a yard—which would weigh not far from one pound. Wood in a number of places on this coast, is sold by the pound, and I have seen them as particular in making weight, as they are in this country of tea or sugar. Aligators are very numerous and have been known to carry off hogs and even calves, and at one time there was a black man taken by one, and before there could be any assistance rendered him he was devoured. I have seen them so old, and their scales so hard, as to be impenetrable to a musket ball.

Their boats here are made of two cattle-hides sewed together so that they are water tight, then blown up, by means of a hose made of thin leather, with a tube in one end; and the other end is secured wind tight to one of the hides—the forward parts come close together, and the other within about three feet. They are secured in this manner by a stick lashed with leather or rawhide strong across the two hides. Near the fore part there is a board for a person to sit on. They are capable of carrying several persons, but there is seldom more than one rides on them at once. They are propelled by a two-bladed paddle, which the man takes in the centre, and paddles alternately from one side of the boat to the other.

I had been on board the Constellation fourteen months, when she was relieved from the

station by the arrival of the U. S. seventy-four, Franklin, bearing the broad pendant of Com. Stuart, accompanied by the schooner Dolphin, commanded by David Conner.

A man on board the Franklin told me that my wife died three months after I left Boston, in the Macedonian; but he could give me no intelligence of my child. On the receipt of this sad news, I again resolved not to visit the United States, and volunteered to remain in the Dolphin. The Constellation soon after sailed for the United States, and we steered for the port of Callao, and from thence to Guanchaco, the seaport of Truxillo. This place became celebrated in the former revolutions of this country for dreadful scenes of Massacre and desolation. Let a person peruse the history of this country, and then convince himself by ocular demonstration of the beauty of the climate and soil, of that, which is so fertile and rich, under one universal Spring and Summer, and he may well say how ungrateful is man to treat with contempt this garden, on which it would appear that nature had exhausted all her stores of wealth to cultivate and enrich with every blessing. There seems to be nothing that does not grow there almost spontaneously. The inhabitants have money so plenty that they will not work, and live in voluptuous idleness. But the very gold and silver they pride themselves so much on, is their ruin. It attracts a great many adventurers, and there is no knowing how many millions of those deluded mortals have been massacred for their gold and silver.

This country has been, ever since it was

first settled by the Spaniards, in the fourteenth century, one continual seat of war and desolation. War has succeeded war, and the country has become nearly drained of its ancient store of riches, and has dwindled away to nothing, compared to what it was two hundred years ago, when inhabited by the native Peruvians. But their race is now almost extinct—not a vestige is remaining of their ancient riches, and golden splendor, and hundreds who have been the cause of their ruin, have sunk to oblivion unpittied and unbefriended. The few who still remain, wear large golden ornaments, in their ears and around their necks, when in other respects they are nearly naked. The women are generally short, thick set, and possess but little personal beauty, but they far excel the Spanish ladies in chastity, and virtuous accomplishments. Many of them have embraced the Roman Catholic religion, but the greater part have no idea of any other God than the Sun—the Moon his Queen, and the Stars their children. These they strictly worship. They were, when first discovered, the most enlightened and virtuous race of all the heathen nations.

The Patriots had taken both Lima and Callao, but the Royalists were in the vicinity, and they did not know how soon they would be attacked. Contributions were levied upon the inhabitants, which kept them poor and in constant alarm.

The merchant ship Gen. Brown, of New-York, arrived there with a cargo of flour, while the place was in a state of blockade, which was sold for fifty dollars per barrel. She soon after sailed with the Vice King to Riojaneiro.

I saw in one Fort in Callao, men, women and children, who had perished for the necessaries of life, lay in promiscuous heaps—and were not buried while I remained there, and even where our vessel lay, the stench, when the wind was off the shore, was almost intolerable, so much so, that we were obliged to move the vessel farther off.

I got permission to go to Lima a few days, and during my stay there, the Spaniards took the place. I was about a mile out of town at an English millwright's. (The Spaniards gave out an order to press all English mechanics in the place, to go to the mine of Seripasca to repair two steam engines that were used to clear the mine of water.) They came to the house after the old millwright, and compelled me to go likewise. We were provided with mules, and travelled under an escort of forty soldiers. On the second day of our journey we arrived on the extensive plains of Seripasca, situated at the foot of one of the hills that border on the base of the Andes. The mine was in the interior overflowed, and two engines when in repair would raise four tons of water in a minute, and it would require twelve days operation to clear it. It took one month to repair the engines, during which time, I became quite a mechanic, and could handle the tools with considerable effect. I arrived there in April, and on the 4th of July I resolved to celebrate the independence of my country. I asked the overseer for a little money, and he refused; I then told him I would work no longer, but I was soon convinced that it would have been

better for me, had I kept this to myself. I was surrounded by soldiers and beaten most unmercifully with sticks, and on coming to my senses, I found myself in a dark and loathsome dungeon, where I remained a long while without being able to tell whether it was day or night. I was so sore from the bruises I had received, that I could scarcely move. My shirt was one complete gore of blood. I had been in this dungeon about twenty-four hours without any thing to eat, and I began to think that it was their intention to starve me to death. I remained in this melancholy situation three days, and on the third day of my confinement, I heard a great firing, which lasted about an hour, when it gradually died away on the ear, and left me in suspense as to the result of the conflict.

I soon learnt that the Patriots had attacked the place, gained the victory, and massacred all who made any resistance. My companions informed them of my situation, and in about half an hour afterwards, the door of my prison was opened and I was ordered out. I informed the General how I came there, and that I belonged to the Dolphin, Capt. Connor, and he told me that she was then lying in the port of Callao.—He gave me a passport to Lima, a jackass, and four dollars in money, and I proceeded in company with eight more.

The country through which we travelled, after crossing the plains, appeared remarkably fertile, but miserably cultivated. I stopped at several houses on the way, and found the people very hospitable; they gave us whatever we asked for, and charged us nothing.

I had neither saddle nor bridle on my jackass, and he would be sure to rub my legs against every stone wall or snag we passed. I arrived, however, safe at Lima, after a journey of six days, and sold him for a dollar and a half.

CHAPTER XVII.

The city of Lima is very extensive and beautifully situated, with a river running across it nearly in the centre. It is strongly walled, and can be entered only at the gates. The streets cross each other at right angles, and some of them are spacious. The city is so situated that water can be carried in every direction of it at once, and is generally done twice a week for the purpose of cleansing the streets. The Palace Square has a beautiful brass fountain; the water falls from one projection to another, and is caught in a reservoir, where the inhabitants resort for water. Hundreds are frequently seen there at a time.

The city also contains a great number of churches, and some of them are the richest in the world. I entered one called St. Domingo, which was allowed to be the most splendid in the city. I saw our Saviour, surrounded by his twelve Apostles, set with diamonds in a polished plate of silver, worth, as I was informed, three hundred thousand dollars. There were also silver candlesticks, four feet in length; and candles of green wax, measuring six inches in cir-

cumference. I did not see any of them burning, for they were only lighted on particular occasions —at which times no heretic, as they call us, is admitted. They would not allow persons who died in port to be buried on shore. All of our men who died at Callao, were interred on the island of Lorenzo, about five miles distant.—This island is nothing but rocks and sand, incapable of any kind of vegetation, and inhabited only by seal, and birds of prey. Gulls, Pelicans and other sea fowl, build their nests in the cliffs of the rocks, and lay their eggs and hatch their young in great security, being inaccessible to man.

At the time of my arrival in Lima, the Patriot army had possession of the town, but not the castle of Callao; consequently there was no communication between the two places. I was obliged to remain there better than two weeks and was employed by a mill-wright who had engaged to repair the mint, which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the process of minting. The silver plate is pounded into lumps, and put into a large iron ladle, lined with clay, and when melted, it is run into iron spoons; when cooled the pieces are sent to the rollers, which are six in number—three at each end of a large water wheel. After going through these, they become of the thickness of a dollar; they then go through the cutting-machine, and come out the right size; from thence they go to the cleanser, which is a large copper boiler, filled with lime juice, water, and pulverised charcoal, which makes them perfectly bright. They are shoveled from the boiler into a drainer, through which there constantly runs a stream of water, which cleanses

them of the charcoal. They are then passed through an oven—the bottom of which is composed of small rollers, which are kept hot enough to dry them; from that they fall into baskets, and are carried to the weighing table and weighed singly, and if any are found too light, they are sent back to the forge, and run over.—The press is fixed with a broad worm, and the die that forms the impression on one side is attached to the screw, not so as to turn, but move up and down about half an inch; the other is stationary immediately under it. The screw is turned by four men with a long lever, which has a lead ball weighing one hundred lbs. attached to each end. This lever is worked back and forward about two feet each way which operates on the screw sufficient to let the dollar pass. A man who is acquainted with the business will put the impression on forty in a minute. The edges are stamped as fast as they come out of the press. They generally calculate to make at the rate of one thousand dollars per hour. The laborious work is done by negro slaves.

The common dresses of the Peruvian women, resemble those of the English and Americans—but their walking dresses are far different. They all resemble each other, rich or poor. If a woman is obliged to go half naked at home, she will be provided with an elegant walking dress. This dress is made similar to a petticoat, and is fastened very tight around the waist, and is so narrow that they can step but a little way at a time. The upper part of the dress consists of a square piece of silk or cloth which is also

fastened around the waist; and then thrown over the head and arms, and held by the hand on the inside. You can see nothing of them except one eye—if married, the right; if single, the left. They carry both hands as high as their breast; consequently their elbows project a little from their body. They look very singular when dressed in this way, though neat—especially those of a handsome form. You will never see a man and woman walking together.—They generally go to mass at sunrise, and have a black girl or boy follow them with a cushion on which they kneel. I saw a piece of painting in one of their churches that excelled any thing I ever saw. It was twenty feet high, and one hundred long—intended for a representation of the Old and New Testament. The crucifixion of Christ was elegantly executed as large as life.

One day I went to my wash-woman's after some clean clothes, and had not been there long when I heared the woman's husband who had just returned home, say to his companion—"I suspect that d——d Englishman is in the other room with my wife, and I am going to stab him." I had no chance to retreat, and nothing to defend myself with. There was a clock case standing in the room, and after much difficulty I crowded myself into it, and no sooner was the door of the case closed, than the door of the room opened, and two Spaniards entered, armed with knives, and demanded of the woman if I was there, and she answered in the negative, which seemed to pacify them. They staid about an hour, and then left. I soon extricated myself from this painful situation, took what

clothes I had there, and made off, resolving not to be caught in such a trap again.

The next day the communication was opened to the port, and I went on board the Dolphin, and in a few days sailed for Valparaiso.

The second day after our arrival, we witnessed the greatest earthquake that had ever been known on the coast of Chili. To give a proper description of this awful convulsion of nature, is out of my power. To see the hills in motion—the sea rolling and tumbling when there was not a breath of wind—to hear the mournful bewailing of the affrighted inhabitants—the cracking of the falling buildings—the constant roar as of a mighty whirlwind or distant thunder—the volcanic flame bursting at intervals from the surrounding mountains—all added horror to the scene. Imagination can form some idea, but the pen is inadequate to paint the horribly awful scene. All flocked to the vessels that could—some half naked—some children without their parents—and parents without their children. We could distinctly hear from where we lay, the cries and lamentations of the people on shore. The vessels in port rendered them every assistance in their power. Several houses were levelled to the ground—others buried by the falling hills. The first shock was felt about half past eleven at night, the next about one, and the last and most severe one, about half an hour afterwards; but the ground continued trembling for twenty-four hours.

We remained at Valparaiso a few days after the earthquake, and were then ordered on board the Amanda, and cruised off Chillao three

months for a Pirate that was said to infest the coast, but did not find her, and returned. On our arrival, we found the U. S. Ship United States, commanded by Commodore Hull, which had come to relieve the Franklin—the Dolphin was to remain. I had been in the Pacific Ocean upwards of six years, and thought that I would once more visit my own country; accordingly I joined the Franklin, and sailed for the United States, June, 1824. We touched at Cape Horn and Riojaneiro, and arrived in New-York on the 14th of August. On the twentieth, I was discharged, and took the stage the same day for Boston.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On my arrival at Boston, every thing looked desolate—my child, I learned, had been dead about two years, and my wife, nearly six.—There was not a soul remaining of the family.—My wife, her mother, her sister, sister's husband, and two children, had all been called from this world, in the short space of six years.

The world seemed lost to me; I knew not that I had a single relation living—and was left a forlorn wanderer—no spot to call my own—and I made up my mind to again join the navy and remain in it for life. Accordingly I entered for the U. S. ship North Carolina, of 74 guns, commanded by Commodore Rogers, then fitting out at Norfolk. About thirty of us were put on

board a brig and sent round to Norfolk to join the ship, where we remained all winter.

This winter I was taken with a severe cough, and my physician pronounced me bordering on the consumption, and I was considered as unfit for sea, and sent to the hospital.

After the ship I was to go in, had sailed, I was thought to be cured, and was sent to the receiving ship, Albert, but I had not been on board long, before a relapse took place, and I got a discharge.

It was now that I wanted the soothing care of a mother. Many a night have I sat on the wharf until day light in the morning, absorbed in melancholly reflection. I thought myself the most wretched mortal on earth. But in a few weeks my disease left me, my strength increased, and I determined on trying a soldier's life.

I took a passage to old Point Comfort, where there was a garrison, and offered my services; but when I came to be examined by the physician, he pronounced me unsound. This was all that saved me from being a soldier.

A few days afterwards, I embarked on board a small schooner, bound to Baltimore, where I arrived with health restored, and took a boarding house for a while, and then shipped in the schooner Leader, Capt. Breck, bound to the West Indies, and sailed the next day. We passed the Island of St. Martins—the sight of which brought fresh to my mind the scenes of former days. It was there I had formed my first hopes of happiness—and it was there that those hopes were all blasted. I took a retrospective view of

my past misfortunes, and it brought a deep sigh from my bosom.

We arrived safe at Rio de la Plata, and sold a part of our cargo, and from thence proceeded to St. Martha, where we disposed of the remainder.

There was a French ship in this harbor, taking in logwood and hides. She had lost four men whose deaths were occasioned by the sting of Scorpions. I saw one of them about fifteen minutes previous to his death,—he was not much swollen, but his frame seemed convulsed, and was very much inflamed—he was stung in the foot, and lived only eight hours—another was stung in his arm, and lived but three hours.—The other two died previous to our arrival.—The largest I ever saw was about as big round as a half dollar—its tail was two and three quarter inches long, and full of joints. Its sting was a quarter of an inch long, and as sharp as a needle. They have six legs similar to a spider, but not as long, and stow themselves away very snugly in the crevices of logwood. What is very singular, they are perfectly harmless after having been a fortnight at sea. We had been at sea thirteen days, when, while moving some of the logwood in order to trim the vessel, one of the men was stung, but he received no harm from it. And on taking out our cargo, we could not find one alive. I suppose they receive no nourishment from the logwood, but only resort to it as a place of safety, and by being removed from their natural element, they first loose their power to injure, and then die.

We took in a cargo of logwood and cotton,

and sailed for Baltimore. We passed between St. Domingo and Cuba, and came out through Crooked Island passage. We passed between the two Islands in the night, during a violent thunder storm, and it was the most dismal night I ever witnessed. There was scarcely any wind, but the most tremendous thunder that can be imagined, and the sharpest and most vivid lightning I ever saw. We had a conductor that reached from each mast head to the water, and bore off from the vessel eight feet, which was, no doubt, the means of our not receiving any damage. I saw the lightning run down this conductor several times in streams which made the water fly all over the vessel.

We arrived at Baltimore, after a voyage of four months. I now spent my money freely; and had been on land but ten days when my landlord presented me a bill of forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents, and I had only forty to pay it with; but this did not much frighten me, for there were a plenty of vessels that wanted hands.

I soon shipped in the brig Corday, bound to South America, Capt. Codmar. We proceeded to sea, and I soon found that this vessel was miserably fitted out, and more fit to be sold for fire wood than to take a voyage to South America. I understood from the Capt. that he was going to Brazil, but his intention was to double Cape Horn, (and had he attempted it, in this vessel, we should all have been lost,) but instead of that we landed at Cape Henry.

The third day out from Cape Henry, we experienced a severe gale. The sail that ought

to have been the best in the vessel to lay to under, proved to be the worst. It was so full of holes that it split to pieces before it was set.—She was a hermaphrodite rigged vessel, and only square sail on one side. When we had no sail to lay to under, there was no alternative but to scud—this we were obliged to do for forty-eight hours—not a soul on board was allowed a moment's sleep during the time. There were two constantly at the helm, and one at the pump. The vessel was very heavy laden, and the sea making a constant break over her, every man had to be lashed to prevent being washed overboard.

Just as the gale abated, the sea was so violent that we lost our fore-top mast, fore yard, and sprung the foremast. This disaster was as bad to a vessel of our rig, as if she had lost all her masts; for the one that was left, was of no use without the other.

We used every exertion to save enough of the rigging and spar from the wrecked mast to enable us to make sail on it again.

We finally got the vessel laying to under balance reefed mainsail, and then ventured, after having been on deck 71 hours, to take a little sleep. One man had to remain at the pump, so we cast lots to see who should take the first tour—and it fell on one John Tillman. It was my turn to get up in two hours. We retired about four o'clock in the afternoon. I awoke about twelve at night, and was greatly surprised to think that I had not been called. I jumped out of bed and ran on deck—John was asleep, and the vessel nearly sinking. I called all

hands, and to work we went, and by four o'clock in the morning we had the water all out.

Now we were at a loss for some time to know what was best to be done. New-York was the nearest port, but the wind was so dead ahead that we could not proceed—we accordingly rigged our jury masts and bore up for the Island of Bermuda. The gale increased, and the vessel leaked so bad that we began to feel dubious of getting her into port. But we finally arrived—our vessel nothing but a wreck, and our cargo much damaged.

We got our vessel corked and all necessary repairs made, and again sailed. We had been but seven days out from Bermuda, when we again lost our fore-top mast; but we were in the trade winds,—the weather warm—and had a smooth sea. We rigged our jury mast and proceeded for Rio de Janeiro, where we arrived without receiving any other damage, after a passage of 67 days. From thence we sailed for Rio Grande.

On our passage, we had a trifling gale, and away went our foremast—this was also a damaged spar. We had now been dismasted three times during the short space of two months and a half, and were almost worn out with fatigue. The leak had never been less than to keep one pump going every half hour, day and night.—We made out to get into Rio Grande, and sold our cargo.

We had the vessel corked, and took in a cargo of jerk-beef for the Havanna.

I resolved not to go to sea in this vessel again, and accordingly requested a discharge from the

captain, but he refused. I had not forgot how to runaway—accordingly the night before the vessel was to sail, I took the jolly boat and went on shore and secreted myself until she had sailed. I then went to the North town. There are two towns here, the North and South, separated by a river four miles wide.

I had no money—no clothes except what I had on—was in a strange country, and among a cruel and uncivilized race of beings, who had great prejudice against my country. I sold my cloth pea jacket for four dollars, and purchased a thin one for fifty cents; the remaining three dollars and a half lasted me sometime, for beef was only one cent a pound,—bread cheap in proportion—water plenty—weather warm, and I could sleep in the sand. Thus I *amused* myself for a while—then went to a cook shop—called for breakfast, and something to drink—and felt as independent as a king—no care, no trouble. I thought I was as low in circumstances as I well could be, and if there was any change, it must be for the better.

It was not long, however, before I got on board a Portuguese vessel, bound to Monte Video. The seventh day after we sailed, we were wrecked on Cape St. Mary's, and lost every thing—myself and four others were all that were saved. Twelve Portuguese perished, and they "were all sure of heaven"—but if they had exerted themselves to have saved the vessel, instead of falling on their knees and praying to some Saint, she would not have been lost.

Our situation now was a dismal one; we were at least one hundred miles from any inha-

bitants except Indians. We travelled four days, subsisting on wild fruit, through a wilderness inhabited by numerous species of monkeys. We killed several, and some of our company ate them raw, but, although half starved, I could not touch one.

On the fourth day we came to some Indian huts. The Indians, after ascertaining that we had nothing worth taking, gave us some jerk beef, and one of them went with us as a pilot. We passed Indian habitations every day, and on the eleventh day we arrived at the town of Louth, where we were hospitably entertained, and had some clothes given us. I made application to the American agent, Mr. Brown, but he said I had runaway from the Charlotte Corday, and he would not render me any assistance.

Soon afterwards, I engaged to go about forty miles up the river with a gentleman to gather Oranges, and while there, I got acquainted with an old priest, who after having ascertained that I was a carpenter, offered me great wages to make him some furniture; accordingly I agreed to stay. He furnished me some tools, and I made him two bureaus, a number of bedsteads, tables, &c. I remained there two months, and the old gentleman treated me with great indulgence. I got good clothes and had money in my pocket. He told me that he would furnish the materials, and that I might make furniture to sell, and have the half I could make; but I could not content myself any longer, and resolved to go to town in search of an American vessel, and bade the old reverend good bye.

The people at this place subsist almost with-

out commerce. Wild cattle are very numerous, and when a man comes across one that is not marked, he puts his mark on it, which makes it his, and no one else dare touch it. Beef is cheap, and the inhabitants live almost wholly on that and wild fowls. They raise no wheat, consequently bread is very dear.

They have a kind of coarse meal which they *call farena*. This is made from a root—first baked and then ground. It serves for bread among the poorer class of people, and is not bad eating. Some eat it in the flour—they first put a piece of meat in their mouth and then a handful of farena. It is universally used throughout the country, and in all the ships of war.

The man with whom the priest and myself boarded, owned two thousand head of cattle, and made two or three tons of jerk beef every year. This is made by cutting the meat from the bones, in slices about half an inch thick, which are dipped in strong brine, then spread on poles, and when perfeclty dry, it is put up in large stacks and covered over with hides. It will keep in this way, if kept dry, in the hottest climates as long as salt beef will in this country. It is sent by shipping to different parts of Portugal and Spain. I believe no other nations use it. Their whole exports are jerk beef, hides, tallow and horns—their imports, are flour, salt, hams, &c.

After my arrival at the town of Louth, I sauntered round for several days, perfectly at a loss what was best to do. There were several vessels in the harbor, but none American.

This place is rather singular on account of water. For ten miles round the mouth of the riv-

er, it is nothing but barren sand, and of so light a nature that it shifts with the wind. There is one place of about one mile square, that is perfectly level. On this plane, by digging one foot you can procure fresh water. The sand is so light that the water will not rise above two or three inches, and requires to be bailed out with some small vessel. This is the only way water can be procured. Vessels generally leave one man on shore, who can, by digging several holes near each other, procure three hundred gallons per day. I have seen good fresh water got not to exceed six feet from the salt water, and in fact the whole of this flat is nearly surrounded by salt water.

The current of the river is very rapid, and is entirely ruled by the wind. I have seen the current run flood for three days while the wind was up the river, and the same when it was to the reverse. When it is calm, there is no perceptible current, neither does the water rise or fall.

One day there came into the harbor a Brazilian Man-of-war, (Isabella,) built for a privateer, but not being launched in time, was sold to a merchant in Philadelphia, from which place she sailed for the coast of Chili, and being much injured off Cape Horn, was obliged to put back in distress, and was sold into the Brazilian service. [The Brazilians at this time were pressing seamen, of all nations, into their service.—Commodore Biddle, in the Macedonian, took all American seamen from them that wished to go, whether volunteers or not.] She was a very handsome vessel. One day I walked down on

the wharf to take a look at her, and was accosted by six marines with a sergeant at their head. The sergeant exclaimed—"Who are you?" I answered, an American seaman. "What vessel do you belong to?" None at present, said I.—"You must come along with us then," said he, "we have a vessel for you—you are no American—you speak the Portuguese language too well.

Expostulation was vain; I was dragged on board without any ceremony, and compelled to serve the Emperor of Brazil. This was hard for an independent mind—but I had to bear it—there was no alternative but submission.

The vessel was bound to Rio Janeiro, and sailed the next day after I was taken on board. We had not been out more than three hours, when we fell in with a Conisarian privateer, of superior force. I thought that I should soon be released—and gladly would have exchanged services, as the Conisarian government was congenial to my principles, and was struggling for freedom.

The Isabella mounted one long twenty-four (brass) pounder, and two twelve pound carronades, with a complement of forty-four men.—The other, (I could not learn her name,) mounted one long eighteen on a pivot, and two long sixes. She was to the leeward of us, and could fight three guns on the weather side, but we, having to fight our guns on our lee side, and carrying all sail at the same time, could only use the long gun.

A running fight commenced, which lasted three hours. The privateer could not get near us, or we should have been taken in less than

five minutes—the Brazilians cannot stand close quarters.

We got clear by our superiority of sailing; but the difference was trifling, (and I afterwards learned that one man built both vessels.)

The Isabella was cut literally to pieces—her bulwarks were all knocked down—main boom shattered—two or three shot went through her hull, and killed and wounded seven men.—Among the killed there was a mulatto man who belonged in Philadelphia. He sailed in the Isabella and when she was sold, was forced to volunteer. I lost in him my only friend and companion, for no one *could* hate or detest the Portuguese worse than I did. There is no people in the world I owe so great a spite—the Turks excepted.

We arrived in Riojaneiro, and I was determined to write to the American Consul for my release; but the whole crew were put on board the Don Pedro, a 74 guardship, and scarcely allowed to look over the side. At sundown we were put below, and sentinels placed on the hatchways;—we were allowed but one at a time to come on deck. until daylight; this was hard when not deserved, and I should have died, had this confinement lasted long; but it did not.

One day, all the Americans and English were mustered to be sent to a brig that was bound up the Mediterranean. This was glorious news to me, as it would give me an opportunity to write to some Consul or Captain in the navy, which would probably be the means of getting me clear —at all events, I was fully determined never to return in the vessel alive.

There were about fifty Americans and English, and one hundred and fifty Portuguese. We were sent on board the Dutchess of Guise, a new and as fine a vessel as I ever sailed in.—She mounted sixteen 18 pound carronades, and two brass nines—I never saw a vessel that could outsail her. We were only about half supplied with provisions and water for so long a voyage, and consequently suffered a great deal for the want of them; but after a long and tedious passage, we made the south coast of Africa.

We anchored and went on shore for the purpose of purchasing a few hogs of the natives.—We saw some on the beach, but they fled at our approach, and we returned as we went, and proceeded on our voyage.

The brig was sent with despatches to the Emperor of Austria.

We at last entered the gut of Gibraltar, and proceeded from thence to Leghorn, where we arrived December 19, 1826.

I was now bent on absconding the first opportunity.

There was a Lieutenant on board by the name of Appleton, nephew to the American Consul at Leghorn, to whom he wrote, stating that there were no Americans on board but volunteers, and consequently he could not release us. There were nine Americans on board, and I believe I was the only one pressed.

We lay there until February, 1827, before an opportunity presented for me to get on shore. At last, by hard persuasion, and very fair promises, I gained permission for twenty-four hours. I got one month's pay and went on shore; but

then how to get away was the next job. I was an utter stranger in the place, but the Portuguese language, and that spoken there, bore such an affinity to each other, that I could make them understand me much better than I could by speaking English. There were a number of Americans, English, Irish, &c. who kept grog shops, but it was better to trust the devil than one of them—they would betray you for a dollar —they have no compassion on distress or misfortune, unless they can *fill their pockets* by the means—money is their only object, and I have found, invariably, where that is the predominant virtue in a human bosom, all commiseration vanishes. When once the sordid love of gold takes possession of the heart, it is callous to every other feeling—there is no room for pity.

Having been for some time secluded from the world, as it were, I got into one of those "*land cruises*" peculiar to men of my calling; but soon found that I was not in New-York, nor any other port in the U. States. Rambling through the streets, in quite a merry mood, (of course,) I ran afoul of the patrol, who caused me to be *jugged up* for "safe keeping." As may well be supposed, I did not like this treatment at all; and being in high glee, gave the first anwer that came to hand to any question that was asked. When asked "what vessel I belonged to?" I answered, none. "What vessel did you come here in?" None; I came by land. "What is your name?" Peter Spriggins. [I afterwards learned that this was all taken down, and proved the means of my getting clear from the brig; for had I told them what vessel I came in, I should

have been sent back immediately, and been severely punished, for I had already stayed three days over my time; but the prison completely concealed me.]

The next morning I was again interrogated, to see if my stories would agree. I was determined not to give them any clue as to what vessel I belonged to, and told them that I came from Naples, a passenger. When asked what employment I followed, I told them that I expected an American vessel there shortly and was going in her. This seemed to satisfy them. I was obliged to stick to the name of *Spriggins;* but that made no difference with me; I could live in a foreign country as well by one name as another. They said that I had been guilty of a breach of their Police laws, by being in the streets, after hours when I had no particular business. I told them that I was a stranger to their laws, or I should have conformed to them, and that I was not in the habit of transgressing the laws of any country. "Well, Mr. Spriggins," said the interrogater, "you have not committed any thing criminal, and I will represent your case to the police commandant, and I have no doubt he will allow you to be released—in the mean time it is my duty to confine you."

I was then put into a room with three Italians, and had a loaf of bread, jug of water, and a small blanket allowed me. My companions had friends in the town who brought them victuals two or three times a day—this they received by means of a string from the grated window.—They were kind enough to give me whenever they had more than they wanted themselves.

Two days after my confinement, I was taken with a violent pain in the head, and a high fever. When the jailor came in the morning, I made known to him my situation, and in about an hour afterwards, a doctor arrived who felt my pulse, and ordered me to the hospital, where I was full as closely confined as while in the prison. The door was only opened when the doctor came in, or some one bringing provisions. I was very sick for three days, when I began slowly to recover.

There were two Americans up stairs, but being a prisoner, I was not allowed to visit them. I soon ascertained, however, that they belonged to the Brig I had left, and I made no further inquiries concerning them, for fear they would be the means of having me detected. A fortnight afterwards, I learned that they had recovered, and that the brig to which they belonged had sailed. This gave me some satisfaction, as I knew that I was then clear from her.

As soon as I had entirely recovered from my sickness, I was again put in prison. Soon afterwards, I was called up before several *White Wigs*, one of whom spoke English. He put to me the following questions.

"Where was you born?" (I knew he would never go to ascertain the truth of my assertion; so I gave him whatever answer came first to mind.) U. States of America. "What part?" New-York. "How old are you?" Thirty.—"Your name, you say, is Spriggins—what was your father's occupation?" *Gimblet maker.*—"If you are freed from this prison, how do you intend to gain a livelihood, and how long do you

intend to stay in Leghorn?" My occupation is the sea, and I intend to embrace the first opportunity for going there; consequently I shall leave Leghorn as soon as I can get a chance. "There are a number of vessels now in port wanting hands, but none belonging to your country,—what will you do in that case?" Go on some other, said I, as soon as possible. "Well then," continued he, "we will see about it."

I was then ordered back to my room, and in about an hour afterwards, a man came and conducted me to the outer door—gave me a loaf of bread, and told me to go where I pleased. I stepped lightly over the pavement, I assure you, and proceeded, with my loaf of bread, and a dollar in my pocket, immediately to a cook shop, where, for three cents and my loaf of bread, I procured a meal of victuals, and a drink of spirits, and soon felt quite *comfortable*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In a few days, I shipped in a Polacre, bound to Alexandria, in Egypt, under the Austrian flag, with the intention of joining the Greeks. I was led to do this from reflecting upon what my countrymen were doing for those poor sufferers, and that I had no one to lament for me should I fall in battle—my mother and all my relations having long ere this buried me in their imagination, and that I had stuck by my country until it was established in smiling peace, and had no

longer occasion for my services. I thought that if I lived, and the Greeks prospered, I should have the satisfaction of saying that I had assisted in gaining their liberty. With my head filled with these ideas and reflections, I proceeded to sea.

There was no American nor Englishman on board of this vessel except myself, but I had got in such a way of jabbering part Spanish, part Portuguese, and a little Italian, that I passed among them very well. We had a pleasant passage to the Archipelago Islands. While passing Scio, we were boarded by a Greek schooner. I offered my services to the Capt. (having previously got permission from the Italian Capt. to leave.) The name of the schooner was Constantine, Capt. Dupont. There were several Englishmen on board this vessel, and one American by the name of Jones, from New Orleans. This vessel was small, and mounted one long gun of twelve pound calibre.

We first cruised through the islands, and stopped at two or three, for water, on which there were no inhabitants. In the course of three months, I was on the island of Scio several times, after provisions, (which, at that time was under the Greeks, but was afterwards taken by the Turks, and a total massacre succeeded); but we lived miserably poor, having barely enough to eat to sustain life. I had enlisted in their service, however, and was determined to stick to them till the last "gun was fired."

We ran up towards Smyrna, and fell in with four Turkish boats, two of which we sank, the other two escaped in the night.

I had been on board the Constantine six

months, when she became so foul on the bottom, and was otherwise so much out of repair that we were obliged to run into some port to refit, and accordingly steered for Aegina, which was then the principal Greek sea port.

The sailors were all sent from this port, to a place about twenty miles distant, where it was expected that the Greeks and Turks would have an engagement, but the Turks had withdrawn on the evening previous to our arrival. We had travelled from three o'clock in the morning until we arrived there, which was about twelve, M. without receiving any refreshment, and they had nothing for us there.

I had a view of a part of the Greek army,—they were miserably clothed, but seemed to be in good spirits—The Battle of Navarino gave them universal satisfaction.

The reader will not expect me to give a detail of the Greek revolution, nor an exact acount of their war, as I am only writing what more immediately happened to myself—besides I was but a short time among them. I was in a number of trifling engagements—one near Scio, in which I received a grape shot through my leg, just above the knee.

In every part of Greece, or in all places under their control, there was nothing but the most painful suffering. Painful and patient suffering bring from the heart of the beholder all the commiseration that nature is capable of giving.—To behold those poor souls suffering every calamity incident to nature, and numbers of them sinking to their graves, for the want of the means necessary to sustain life, without a murmur—

and in their dying moments proclaim their motto —"HOPE"—by which they had resolved to live or die—would touch the heart of a stoic. We were at one time blocked up in Aegina, until we were obliged to eat cats and dogs, but a murmur never escaped a soul.

The attention of the Greeks was very much attracted by the Russians,—and it seemed as if God had ordered that Greece should once more be free. But some of their own people were as great enemies to the nation as were the Turks.—The sordid passion for wealth had crept in among them, and instead of straining every nerve for the general good, many have been known to load themselves with plunder and retire from the service.

But, to come to the melancholy termination of my Greek services—I was ordered, together with a number more who had joined the artillery, to Candia, one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean. We landed on the south side of the island, about sunset, and joined a part of the Greek forces that lay there, destined to drive the Turks from the island—they numbered about three hundred.

At daylight the next morning we were to march into the interior of the country. The party that I was attached to were to take charge of a twelve pound piece, as we could all speak one language, or sufficiently so as to understand each other. After the arrangements were all completed for the morrow, we lay down as comfortable as possible to wait for daylight.

I had a new shirt on, which I had received a few days before, and understood that it came

from this country, ready made. As to the rest of my clothing, it was good for nothing, except my coat, which had belonged to an officer who was killed. The rest were clothed nearly in the same manner, there being little or no uniformity among us.

About twelve at night, as near as I could guess, I heard the dreadful yell of the Turks.—In a moment all was confusion and dismay. We seized our arms, but could perceive the enemy's number to be far superior to our own. A scene ensued that makes my blood chill to relate—although I did not stay to see much of it. Resistance was in vain, and all exerted themselves to escape. For my part I could not tell whether I was running towards or from the enemy. At length I got in a cluster of bushes near a small stream of water, where I sat down and contemplated upon what was best to be done. I still heard the howlings of the Turks, and their Arabic jargon. My coat having the Greek uniform buttons on it, I took it off and threw it in the stream. My commission as lieutenant in the service of Greece, which I received when I joined the artillery, was in one of the pockets. This commission was given me by General Marakno, but had not been ratified by the President.

At length daylight appeared, and discovered to me the whole scene. I was surrounded by rocks, excepting the beach, where the Turks were just in the act of embarking.

The bushes where I was were but a small cluster, and a party that had been back in search of plunder, came suddenly upon me. They seized me, and demanded, apparently in great

rage, my name—what countryman I was, &c.—I told them, in English, that I was an American." The fellow who addressed me had his scimetar raised to sever my head from my body; but at the sound of *American*, he lowered his hand and jabbered something to his companions, and they drove me before them to the beach, where the remainder of the Turks were, and took me before their commanding officer. He asked me, in French, who I was, and if I was in the service of Greece? and many other questions, but I all the while pretended to be ignorant of his meaning. I showed them my arm, on which is imprinted an American coat of arms. They knew the flag, and surveyed it for some time, very attentively, and then had some conversation together that I could not understand. "Liberty" is engraven under the coat of arms, and they could not translate it. They consulted together some time, as I supposed, upon what should be done with me, which gave me a little time to survey the scene around. The ground was completely strewed with the dead and dying. I could not cast my eyes in any direction but what I would discover the mangled bodies of my murdered companions. There was a creek, or little river, which, for aught I know, might have been the celebrated Lethe, as Mount Ida was in sight, emptied itself into the Mediterranean, near where we stood. Anchored off, lay four Turkish feluccas in which they had landed. In a few moments they brought my coat that had been picked up by one of them, and first pointed to that and then to me, as much as to ask me if it was mine. It struck me that it

would be better for me not to own it, and I shook my head. They then took my commission that had been taken from one of the pockets, and pointed me to my name; I also shook my head to this, and wrote in the sand with my finger, *Spriggins.* They then took me to view the dead bodies, in order to point out to them the person that owned the coat. Fortunately for me, there were several who had worn thin jackets, and had taken them off the night previous to this bloody scene, and used them for pillows. The first person I came to without a coat, I surveyed attentively, and seeing another without a coat, not far off, I thought, to make it appear more authentic, I would go there; I went, and after surveying him some time, told them that he was the owner of the coat. This seemed to satisfy them, and they *grinned* with a kind of horrible satisfaction to think that they had killed a lieutenant in the artillery, which had been very destructive to them in several engagements. They kept the coat and paper, and after binding my hands behind me, I was embarked on board a felucca, which soon afterwards sailed.

There were about three hundred Turks in this corps. They were well armed with scimetars, and most of them had two braces of pistols in the belts around their bodies, besides a small cutlass or long knife. Many of them had the hilts of their sabres, and breeches of their pistols mounted with silver. They were the most ferocious looking beings, in human shape, that can be imagined. Their long black mustachios and turbans gave them a most frightful appear-

ance. About noon they took something to eat, and gave me none, although I was almost famished. They generally sat cross-legged on deck, and were almost constantly smoking. The breeze was light, and the weather pleasant, but I had no chance to view the surrounding country through which we passed, as I was constanly kept below. My reflections may be more easily imagined than described.

At the place to which the Turks were destined, I had some hopes of finding an American Consul, and get released. I was determined, however, not to let them know that I had volunteered among the Greeks, nor the length of time I had been with them.

I joined the Greeks, April 27, 1827, and was taken prisoner by the Turks Dec. 9, 1827. The same day, as I have before stated, I was embarked, together with all the Turks, on board of feluccas, and sailed. The next day all were disembarked at a fort, the name of which I do not now recollect. I was taken up a hill, on the top of which there stood a large fortification, to the left of which I saw a beautiful city, which I afterwards learned was Athens. When I arrived at the gate of the fort I was blindfolded, and then led, for aught I knew, to execution;—but at length I arrived at a place which felt cool and damp, when my bandages were taken off, and I was left to my reflections in a dismal dungeon—alone, and half starved—having eaten nothing since my capture, except a small bit of bread. I sat down on the floor, which I found was stone; but I was in such a depressed state of mind, that I could reflect on nothing—there-

fore I shall leave the reader to reflect for me, and judge of my feelings.

I had been in this place about one hour, when I heard the harsh gratings of the resounding bolts, and in a few minutes two Turks entered. My hands were untied and put in handcuffs, which fitted close around my wrist—connected by a chain about eight inches long, and the size of a common trace chain. They then gave me a jug of water, a bit of bread, a smal piece of salt fish, and left me. They had some conversation with each other, but said nothing to me. From the light they brought, I took a faint view of my apartment. It was stone all round —over head and underfoot, without any furniture except my jug. Whether it was day or night I could not tell, as the passage leading to my dungeon was so intricate or obstructed, that when the door was open I could not discern day-light. About an hour after the first visit, a Turk entered, bringing a bundle of straw, which he threw down and immediately retired, locking the door as usual. It is not necessary to enter into a detail of every particular visit; they were all nearly the same. Not a word was spoken to me. I gave up all hopes of deliverance, and even of life. I knew that I could not stand such rigid confinement long, and thought that I would nearly as lief die as live; and sometimes even had thoughts of terminating my own existence; but on further reflection, concluded that He who allowed me to be confined, would also support and release me.

Day succeeded day, but I could discern no difference between day and night—it was all the

same to me. I had said to myself in Leghorn prison, that I was as low as I could be, but I now found myself much lower. Still, flattering hope told me that my confinement would not be perpetual. My situation, deplorable as it was, was no worse I thought, than when I was on the *vessel's bottom* in the middle of the ocean; and He who saved me from that wreck, can, if he thinks proper, release me from prison. I thought on the words of the old Negro—"Put dy trust in de Lord"—But had I done so? No. I had scarcely ever thought of him except when in the midst of misfortune and danger, and I could hardly have the conscience now to call on him.

* * * * * * *

At length I was taken out of this dungeon: my eyes could hardly bear the light, although I had been in but a short time—it seemed however years to me. I was taken into a room where sat eight or ten high Turks on a carpet, cross-legged, and were all smoking. I was asked, by an interpreter, the following questions:—

"What countryman are you?"

An American.

"Did your government send you to assist the Greeks, and if so, how long have you been among them?"

My government knows nothing of my being here, and I have been among the Greeks but two months.

"How came you among them?"

I was cast away on one of their islands, and could not get away.

"Did you hold any commission among them?"

I did not.

[He then read the appointment found in my pocket, the whole being in Greek, except my name, which he pronounced very forcibly—and said—"He is an American or an Englishman."]

"Do you know the man who owned the coat? and if so, what countryman was he?"

I was but partially acquainted with him. I believe he was either an American or an Englishman.

"We believe it to be yours; but we are friends to the Americans, and do not wish to injure one of them. But those who fight against us without a cause, we put to death. We cannot prove that to be your name; and as you think proper to deny it—what is your name?"

Peter Spriggins.

"What part of the United States was you born in."

(For fear they might have traced my sailing from Leghorn, as I knew the Austrians were favorable to the Turks—I answered,)—New York.

All the time this investigation was going on, no one in the room paid any attention to me but the interrogator and scribe, who wrote down every word of the investigation, and after it was all through with, he handed it, with profound respect, to one of the *big fellows*,—they all sat on the floor,—he looked over it; then handed it to the one next to him, and thus it passed among the whole. The first one who read it, then turned to the interrogator, and addressed him for a few moments, when they all arose from the

floor, and walked off, not deigning to cast at me scarcely an inquiring look.

The interpreter then pronounced my awful sentence, which seemed to me nearly equal to death. "You have been found," said he, "fighting against us, without the consent of your government—if you had been sent by them, we should take your head off, and call your country to an account; but we are *willing* to believe that you was not a volunteer, but are dubious of it, and we are determined that you shall not fight against us again. Therefore, you have been sentenced to remain in solitary confinement until peace with the Greeks shall be secured."

Will you not, said I, allow me to write to some American Consul? Perhaps he will intercede for my release. "No," said he, "you may think yourself highly favored by having your life spared; we do not often use our prisoners as well."

He then motioned to the guard, and they came and led me back to the dungeon. I was taken through several rooms and half dark passages, until the outer door of my melancholy abode made its appearance. At this door stood another Turk. I entered, and they closed the door and left me.

Heavens! exclaimed I, aloud, what am I to do? Must I drag out the remainder of my days in this miserable place? If so, I pray God to make them short.

Every thing went on the same as before, for a number of days, which seemed to me like as many years.

At last, I was taken out—blindfolded, and led

to the gate of the fortress, where the bandage was taken from my eyes; but at first I could scarcely see; every thing looked dim; but I could discern the spires of Athens. It was just as the sun was sinking behind the curtains of night, and I really thought that I was going to be released; but I was disappointed. I was sent on board of a vessel, and ordered below, and could not tell where I was going. The vessel soon got under way, and the next night, about eleven o'clock, I was ordered up, and disembarked, where, I could not tell.

During this short passage, I had what beef and bread I wanted, and I ate so such that I made myself sick.

I was put into a cell, with some straw for a bed. I could not conjecture where I was, nor could I find out until I was released. But what a glorious change from the prison out of which I had just been taken! There was an air hole, about seven by nine inches square, and the cell was otherwise lighted.

A Turk came in and brought me a jug of water and a bit of bread, which was all that I had to eat or drink.

The next day after my confinement, I was taken very sick, and there was no attention paid to my sufferings. They brought me my regular rations, but my appetite was gone. When I began to recover a little, I found that the water in my jug, which contained about three gallons, had become stale, and they never brought me any fresh as long as there was any remaining in the jug. How to remedy this, I did not at first know. After a little cogitation, however, I thought

to dig a hole through the floor, and empty the water out, which would be the means of having fresh water brought me— accordingly I took my knife and went to work, in one corner of the cell, and fortunately found the stone to be quite soft, and soon got a hole through sufficiently large to accomplish my plan,—I had fresh water, after this, every other day.

A day or two after I had accomplished this, a rat came into my cell; whether he came through the hole or some other way, I cannot say; but he became tame, and before I was released, would eat out of my hand.

[It is useless to detail my sufferings, from day to day, while in this dungeon, for they bear such a sameness, that they would not be interesting; and furthermore, it is painful for me to reflect upon them.]

One night, after I had resigned myself to my straw, I was surprised by the appearance of a Turk. I first thought that he had come to take my life, and end my misery at once, which would have been an act of charity; but that virtue I knew was a stranger to the bosom of a Turk.— It was about eleven o'clock—he bade me come forth—I obeyed, and was conducted out of the prison.

This was a pleasant scene—it was the first time I had viewed the moon and stars since my confinement—all nature was still, and there was music to me even in the night breeze. My emaciated frame could scarcely support itself—my clothes would hardly stick to my back—my beard was long, not having been shaved since I

was first taken; and upon the whole, I was rather a frightful looking creature.

Whether the object was to releive me, or to remove me to some other place of confinement, I could not tell; neither did I know where I had been thus long confined. I knew, however, by the distance we had come from Athens, that it could not be Constantinople, and I supposed that it was in some of the Turkish fortresses in the Archipelago; but I was soon afterwards informed that it was in the Castle of Smyrna.

I was put on board of an Italian brig, and sent down the Mediterranean. They gave me a bed and a good supper.

The next morning, we passed the Island of Delos, when one of the crew informed me that I was free, and that the captain was to land me at Leghorn, where we arrived after a long but pleasant passage, March 14, 1829.

I made application to the American Consul, and after having stated my case to him, he immediately rendered me assistance. He said there was no American vessel in port at that time, but that he would furnish me with board and lodging until he could procure me a passage home.

I had for a long time had a desire to see the interior of Italy, and accordingly told the Consul that if he would be good enough to furnish me with a little money, and a passport, I would travel to Marseilles, in France, where a great number of American vessels resorted, and I should stand a better chance to get a passage immediately home, and furthermore, exercise by walking, would add to my already recruiting health. He complied with my request, and

gave me two dollars, and a protection and passport. I then had to get a passport from the Genoa Consul, which would pass me into that kingdom. At the city of Genoa I was to have my passport renewed; which would take me to Nice, in France, where it was again to be renewed, and would then carry me safe to Marseilles. I started, and the first night lodged at Pisa. I arrived in the afternoon, in time to view the celebrated Leaning Tower, and the great St. Philips Church.

The next morning I proceeded on my way, and stayed that night at the village of Sergines. Pisa is twelve miles from Leghorn, and Sergines is fifteen miles from Pisa. I was very weak, and not able to travel far in a day. The money the Consul gave me would be sufficient to bear my expenses to Genoa, provided I travelled twenty miles per day; but I was unable to travel so far.

When I arrived at a place called Spezia, I was out of money. Spezia is a beautiful city, at the bottom of the Gulf of Spezia. I here met an English gentleman, Sir Arthur Willson, and related to him my situation, and he gave me five dollars, together with a list of the names of all the places through which I would have to pass, and their distances from each other, which was of great service to me.

This is the most beautiful country in the world, without exception. I often thought of the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, in his Traveller—

"Hills o'er hills in gay theatric pride"—

and in another passage—

"Far to the right where Apenines ascends—
Bright as the Summer, Italy extends."

I passed through a number of beautiful little villages during my journey to Genoa. It requires a more scientific pen than mine to describe this beautiful capital, and its situation; I can merely say that it is magnificent and grand. It stands in the centre of a plain, and has a delightful view as you approach it from the land side.

The American Consul at this place, gratitude forbids me ever to forget—he shall ever live in my memory with the greatest respect—he is deserving the veneration of all his countrymen, and the esteem of any man, possessed of the least degree of philanthropy. Such men as Mr. Campbell, of Salem, and Mr. Wilshire, of Magadoxo, who is mentioned in Capt. Riley's narrative, would bid defiance to all the calamities attendant on a sea-faring life, and laugh at all the wiles of misfortune. But commiseration cannot be so extensively inculcated or embraced as to make all men like them. I received the most assiduous attention from Mr. Campbell, and money sufficient to bear my expenses to the town of Nice. I bade him an affectionate farewell, only to be forgotten when this heart shall cease to beat.

I now had money sufficient to enable me to taste of a few of the delicacies of the country, which my weakened constitution greatly needed. I concluded to rest my legs by a short ride, and accordingly took a passage in the stage thirty miles, for which I paid two dollars.

I have made it an invariable rule, ever since I

was capsized, and lost all my money, never to want for any thing that I fancied, provided I had money enough to purchase it—and my motto has ever been—*It is time enough to want, when you cannot help it.*

I stopped at the end of my thirty miles, and called for a good supper and lodging, which I had long been a stranger to. [I had travelled, heretofore, through Italy on the *saving scale*; that is, living on bread and wine. This one can do very cheap. For fourteen cents I could purchase three bottles of wine, three loaves of bread, and a night's lodging. The wine has not as much of an intoxicating effect as cider, but is very nourishing. Both in France and Italy, they have their high and low taverns, both kept by the same person. A grand sign points out the place where every thing can be had that heart can wish, by paying at the rate of fifty cents a meal for it, and twenty cents for lodging. The low tavern is known by a pine brush hung over the door. Here the poor traveller resorts—calls for his loaf and bottle, and if he can afford it, three cents worth of salt fish, out of which I have made many a *hearty meal.*]

After supper I retired to bed, and slept, or rather dreamed, until morning, I would occasionally start from my sleep, and think that I was still among the Turks, but when recollecting my situation, and that I was FREE, would sink again into the arms of Morpheus, ten thousand times more happy than if I had never known trouble.

I arose in the morning, and paid sixty cents

or supper and lodging. I thought such indulfgences would not suit my pocket.

On looking over my money, however, I found eight dollars and some sous left. I thought I could stand thirty miles more, which would bring me in France. When the stage came along, the driver asked me if I wanted to ride?—I told him I did, and paid my passage for thirty miles. But to my astonished view, about sunset, rose the spires of Genoa! I had been brought back to the very place I started from, and what most vexed me, the impudent scoundrel of a driver laughed at my misfortune!

I stayed in Genoa but a short time before I again started for Marseilles, (this time on foot,) where I arrived, after a great deal of trouble, disappointment and vexation, and gave my passports to the American Consul, who after examining them, procured for me a boarding house.

Marseilles is a large and commercial city, enclosed by rocky hills. Its streets are broad and straight, its squares spacious and handsome, and its buildings very elegant. I remained at Marseilles several weeks, and then joined the United States ship Warren, Capt. Laurence Kerney, and proceeded to the Island of Minorca, Port Mahon. From thence I was sent to the United States. Nothing remarkable happened to me from the time I left Marseilles, until I arrived at my mother's house, in York, Livingston Co. October 30, 1830. I had not seen my mother since I first left her, twenty three years and seven months ago! * * * * * * Had a ghost appeared to her, she would not have been worse frightened. But it was her son, her long lost and PRODIGAL SON.

I will add the following Lines, composed on the U. S. Frigate MACEDONIAN, which was dismasted in a gale, September, 1817. [Vide page 146, for account of the wreck.]

In embryo first on Albion's coast confined,
Built for the seas, and to the seas consigned;
When war's rude blast it roard from shore to shore,
Columbia claimed her—Albion shall no more
Own that fine ship, nor she protect her powers.
By war-like deeds of arms, we claimed her ours.
DECATUR gained her—so renowned in fame—
She bears the ancient *Macedonian's* name—
Her lofty masts and yards in grandeur show
Ready for sea—all hands prepared to go—
Now sails from Boston with most perfect ease,
Impell'd with swiftness by a northern breeze.

* * * * * *

'Tis night—Cape Cod a solitary gleam,
Strikes on the view, and soon it bears a beam.
Receding fast, we view the glimmering light—
Our departure taken—soon we're out of sight.
Majestic'ly o'er smiling seas we roam—
Some feel delight—some turn their thoughts on home—
Think of mothers—or bosom friend more dear.
Some pass the can their bosoms now to cheer.
All well we pass September twenty-five—
To ply to eastward all our efforts strive—
The twenty sixth—most glorious to behold—
Bright Phœbus ting'd the eastern sky with gold—
And as that orb his course began with pride,
A thousand lustres streak'd the briny tide.
His golden flashes struck the 'stonished sight
And fill'd the glowing heart with fond delight.

* * * * * *

'Tis soon our ship a stronger pressure feels,
And side-long to the breeze she gently *heels*.
The gentle waves, no longer left to sleep,
Rise and break in white-caps o'er the deep.
Our ship now plunges through the swelling main,—

"'Tis four o'clock"—we pipe to grog again—
"Stand by your hammocks"—each tar he flies,
And, to relate, one of our number dies.
A man of youth who bore his shipmates' love,
Was summoned to attend the seats above.
No more again to view the morning light,
Though free'd from all the horrors of that night.
It told how fast our earthly pleasures fleet—
He lost his life by mizzen staysail sheet.

* * * * * *

Bright Phœbus views us wretched and distress'd,
In clouds obscured, he sinks towards the west,
And as that orb does gently fade away,
The billows roar and swell in mad array.
Now darkness spreads her sable curtain round,
The wind and waves, they make a dismal sound.
Our topsail furled, and all the sails on high—
To set storm stay-sails, now the order fly.
"Main staysail stay is gone"—the boist'rous gale,
Now thund'ring o'er the lee, it bears the sail.
The waves, like mountains, rise still higher and higher,
The lightnings flash—the ocean seems on fire.
Our noble chief and second in command,
Together meditating, now they stand.

* * * * * *

Now o'er our stern the mizzenmast is toss'd—
Three of our boats together with it lost.
A dreadful crash, tremendous, now is hear'd—
By a boist'rous wave our spar deck is clear'd—
Our captain says—"Be quick—make no delay—
And cut, my boys, the top-mast soon away."

* * * * * *

"The foremast's sprung"—oh what a dismal wreck,
Our fore and main yard thund'ring on the deck.
To save our ship, no more now can we do,
Ye winds and waves we 'sign her up to you,
Beneath the dashing surge, without relief,
She labors hard, while trembling like a leaf.

* * * * * *

The morning dawn'd, and open'd to our view
Our sad distress—astonished were the crew
To think this gallant ship one day before,
Was sailing in her pride from FREEDOM's shore,

But in one dismal night a wreck was made—
Oh cruel, unfeeling winds, is this thy trade?
The gale abated—the sky serene and clear—
But still the mad'ning waves we had to fear,
Which still roll'd mountain high—in rage they ran,
As if their work of death had just began.

* * * * * *

The storm is o'er, each sailor cheers his man—
Smiles at the gale, and *swigs* the flowing can.
We drank our grog—our hearts were prone to cheer—
Rig'd jury masts, and for a port did steer,
There to refit, and when that's done—again
We sail'd,—once more to tempt the boist'rous main.

D. C. B.

ERRATA.

Page 5, for May 20, Read *March* 20.—P. 86, for brig Harane, Read *Hiram*.—P. 96, instead of the sun rising at quarter past one P. M. and sitting at half past eleven A. M. Read *the sun rose at half past one A. M. and set at quarter past eleven P. M.*—P. 115, instead of Bird having been mortally wounded, Read *badly, &c.*—P. 148, for Spanish frigate Emerald, Read Ismiralda.—P. 149, for George G. Ridgely, Read *Charles G. Ridgely*. In several instances, in the fore part of this work, "St. Carts" is misprinted for *St. Barts*.